THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 133 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY DECEMBER 4, 1858.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1949.

WHERE THE ROSES GREW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FLORENCE PERCY.

This is where the roses grew,
In the summer that is gone;
Fairer bloom or richer hue
Never summer shone upon;
Oh, the glories vanished hence!
Oh, the sad imperfect tense!

This is where the roses grew
When the July days were long—
When the garden all day through
Echoed with delight and song!—
Hark! the dead and broken stalks
Eddying down the windy walks!

Never was a desert waste,
Where no blossom-life is born,
Half so dreary and unblest,
Half so lonesome and forlorn,
Since in this we dimly see
All the bliss that *used to be!*

Where the roses used to grow,
And the west-wind's wailing words
Tell in whispers faint and low
Of the famished humming-birds,—
Of the bees, which search in vain
For the honey-cells again!

This is where the roses grew,
Till the ground was all perfume,
And, whenever zephyrs blew,
Carpeted with crimson bloom;
Now the chill and scentless air
Sweeps the flower-plats brown and bare.

Hearts have gardens sad as this
Where the roses bloom no more;
Gardens where no summer-bliss
Can the summer-bloom restore—
Where the snow melts not away
At the warning kiss of May.

Gardens where the vernal morns
Never shed their sunshine down,—
Where are only stems and thorns,
Veiled in dead leaves, curled and brown,—
Gardens where we only see
Where the roses *used to be!*

THE REVENGE.

"Listen to me, Everard," said Augustus Stainforth, to his friend Everard Waldorf. "As yet, though we are both in love with Lavinia Sternheim, we have been generous rivals, and neither of us has attempted to obtain a preference over the other, but by means approved by the most rigid honor."

"But why, Augustus, do you tell me what I already so well know?"

"Because I expect that your friendship for me and your generosity will soon be put to a severe trial, and that my happiness will be in your power."

"I court such trials: and if your happiness depends on my generosity, believe me, while I swear that—"

"No vows, no professions, Everard. If you are worthy my confidence, they are unnecessary; and if you are unworthy, they will only make your guilt the greater should you deceive me."

"What does this mean—explain."

"I will. Be not too much distressed when I tell you that I have reason to think Lavinia prefers me to you; and that, therefore, as our fortune and family are equal, her father will, no doubt, choose for his son-in-law the man whom Lavinia herself has chosen."

"Doubtless. But I suspect that you flatter yourself."

"Perhaps so. But if I do so in this instance, my fears whisper louder than my hopes in another. I know that the baron has one great, and, I believe, insurmountable objection to me."

"Indeed! I rejoice to hear it."

"There, Everard, I am glad I did not allow you to *swear* just now!"

"Why so. Is it, then, in my power to remove this obstacle to your happiness with Lavinia?"

"Not absolutely so. But, if the baron be convinced that the obstacle in question is removed, I require it of your generosity and friendship not to prove to him that it still exists."

"And lose the woman whom I adore by my generosity!"

"Yes, even so, if friendship requires it; for have I not often heard you say that it is very hard that a child should be punished for his father's fault?"

"How! light breaks in upon me! but pray be less mysterious."

"The case is this, then: Baron Sternheim has often declared that, though he has the most perfect esteem for my character, he will not let his daughter marry me while my father lives; because, as his life is forfeit to the laws, for having in a transport of rage killed a brother officer, he will not run the risk of having his child united to the son of a man who one day or other may perish on the scaffold. But it has long been rumored, and believed by every one, the baron not excepted, that my poor father is dead; and I did not contradict the report, because I thought it conducive to my father's safety. Therefore to you only I owned the truth; and you only have it in your power to blast my prospects, by telling the baron that my father is still living in England. But this, if you are the generous rival and the true friend that you appear to be, you will not do; and you will cautiously avoid any conversation which may lead the baron to interrogate you on the subject; nor expose my peace to be sacrificed to his fears of my father's return, trial, and condemnation—three circumstances which will never happen."

"I thank you, Augustus, for the confidence that you have in my virtue: but, believe me, you have exposed it to a severe trial. However, I will not tell a falsehood for you or any man; therefore, unless the baron put the question directly to me, he shall never know from me that your father is still alive; and this I promise by the sacred ties of friendship and the faith of a gentleman."

"And this is all I require of you," replied Augustus, affectionately pressing his friend's hand: "and I trust to you implicitly. At present I know your passion is not so ardent as mine; but even should it increase daily, I am sure that you would sooner die than break the sacred word which you have just pledged."

They then parted—the one proud of the confidence reposed in him, the other proud that he could boast of being possessed of a friend in whom such confidence could never be misplaced. But though Stainforth felt most sensibly the passion of love, he had certainly never calculated on its nature and power. He forgot the innumerable instances on record in which love has been known to triumph over duties the most sacred and ties the most binding. But Waldorf's conduct and his own soon convinced him that, when a man admits the entrance of an ardent passion into his bosom, he opens the door to an active and restless enemy, who, if not watched with the most unceasing care, will throw down all the barriers against evil which virtue has raised, nor rest till he has left no empire there but his own.

Stainforth had not flattered himself, as Waldorf fondly hoped. Lavinia certainly preferred him to his rival, though she could not be said to be really in love; but her choice quietly waited on her father's approbation, and passion in her tranquil heart could only be awakened by the call of duty. Still the baron had drawn from her a confession, that of the two most favored of her lovers, namely, Stainforth and Waldorf, she esteemed the former the most; and, like an indulgent and fond parent, he immediately replied, "Then he shall be your husband, as his father is no more; however to be sure of his death, though it is too currently reported not to be true, I will ask him the question myself." He did so, to the horror and consternation of the till then ingenuous and honorable Stainforth; but feeling that on his answer to this question depended his future happiness and his only chance of possessing the woman whom he adored, he stained the as yet unblemished integrity of his character; and, love triumphing over honor, he assured the Baron Sternheim that his unhappy father had died in England.

"Then my daughter is yours," cried the baron, giving Lavinia's unreluctant hand to Stainforth, who now for the first time felt himself unworthy of it, and endeavored to hide the confusion of conscious duplicity under the transports of a successful suitor.

That evening, as usual, Waldorf came to pay his court to Lavinia, who received his assiduities with a degree of reserve which wounded both his pride and his feelings, while he read in her attention to Stainforth a conviction that his friend was indeed the favored lover; and his jealous agony was increased by overhearing the baron introduce Stainforth to one of his relations as a gentleman who would soon be related to their family.

Never had Lavinia looked so beautiful; never had Waldorf been so passionately in love as on this unhappy evening; and in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, he approached Lavinia when he saw her sitting alone, and conjured her to tell him whether Stainforth was indeed the object of her choice.

"He is," she modestly but firmly replied, "though, I must own, your merits in my eyes appear so equal, that had my father disapproved Stainforth's addresses, and directed my choice to you, I should without reluctance have obeyed him."

At this moment Stainforth approached them, and Waldorf, unable to bear the sight of him, left the room, and retired in an agony of mind to his own lodgings. During that night great were his struggles between love and honor—but honor prevailed; and though he knew that he could with a word annihilate all Stainforth's hopes of Lavinia, whose love was not violent enough to make her hesitate to obey her father's commands, whatever they might be, he rose resolved to remain true to the word which he had solemnly pledged to Stainforth. But his rival was not so happy as he imagined him to be; he had, for the first time in his life, told a falsehood; and such was his high sense of honor, that, unable to bear the misery of his feelings, he at length resolved to throw himself at the baron's feet, and own the meanness of which he had been guilty. Accordingly, when evening came, he summoned up the honorable resolution of submitting to be miserable rather than continue base; and he set off to demand an audience of the baron, and confess to him the fault of which he had been guilty.

Waldorf, meanwhile, had also repaired to the baron's according to invitation, and had arrived there so early that Lavinia was not yet dressed, and the baron was alone in his study.

"You are welcome, sir," said the latter, "I am glad to have an opportunity of telling you, that so fully convinced am I of your worth and talents, that were not my daughter more inclined to marry Stainforth than you, her hand and fortune should have been yours directly: but as she likes your friend, and as his father is dead, I have consented to let them be married directly."

"Married directly, sir!" cried Waldorf, turning very pale, "Stainforth's father dead—and—"

"Yes, sir; he is dead. I can no longer doubt the fact, because I asked Stainforth the question positively; and he positively assured me that his father died in England."

"Then he is an abandoned liar!" exclaimed Waldorf, thrown off his guard completely; "for it was but yesterday that he told me he was still alive, and that he dreaded lest you should discover it."

At this moment, while the baron, confounded with surprise and indignation, was unable to reply, the door opened, and Stainforth himself appeared. Waldorf, instantly conscience-struck, sunk on a chair, hiding his face in his hands, unable to encounter the looks of his injured friend..

"You are come opportunely, sir," cried the baron; "you are come to clear yourself from a dreadful and calumnious charge, or, by avowing the truth of the charge, to prove yourself lost to every honorable feeling. Sir, that gentleman has just asserted that your father is still alive, and that you know that he is so!"

"Perfidious, deceitful man!" exclaimed Stainforth, darting a revengeful look at Waldorf. "But did he volunteer this charge; or did you drag it from him unwillingly?"

"No; he told it me unasked, and eagerly."

"Traitor!" cried Stainforth. "But you are beneath my anger. Yes, sir," added Stainforth, addressing the baron, and falling at his feet as he did so, "that perjured man has spoken the truth, and I am convicted of having deceived you by a despicable falsehood; nor will I design to plead my ardent passion for your daughter as any excuse for my wickedness, for I have been self-condemned, I have not rested since I uttered it; and even had I been blessed in the possession of Lavinia, I know I should have been miserable, because I had obtained her unworthily, and therefore must have despised myself; nor will I endeavor to palliate my crime by trying to convince you that I now came hither on purpose to own my crime to you, for I have not actually done so, and I cannot expect you to believe anything that comes from the mouth of a convicted liar. But, sir, before we part for ever, for I cannot endure to meet your scornful eye, let me conjure you to believe that till yesterday my lips were unconscious of a falsehood, and shall be so from this hour again; and that, self-condemned and self-punished, I shall hasten from the world, and hide in solitude, my misery and my disgrace— But what shall I say to you, sir!" turning to Waldorf. "That I leave you at present to the punishment of your own upbraiding heart."

So saying, he was leaving the room; when the baron haughtily exclaimed,

"You are not going to Lavinia, sir?"

"To her!" exclaimed Stainforth. "What! do you think I would presume to obtrude into her presence, conscious as I am of being a detected liar! No! sir—I would fly to the confines of the earth to avoid her, though I shall love her, and shall pray for her happiness to my dying breath." Then rushing out of the house, he left the baron at liberty to interrogate Waldorf concerning what had passed between them, and to ask him why Stainforth was so sure that his own heart would condemn him.

Waldorf, though he pitied Stainforth most sincerely, and blamed himself, had still recollection enough to know, that on the opinion which the baron now formed of his conduct depended his hopes of obtaining Lavinia; he therefore gave such a color to his conduct as secured the baron's good-will.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed; "I see nothing but what is very excusable in you on this business; and I consider, and no doubt Lavinia will too, this breach of confidence, wrung from you by despairing passion and a horror of falsehood, as a proof at once of your love and of your integrity; so give me your hand;—as Lavinia has lost an unworthy lover, I must present her with a worthy one; but not yet; not till she has recovered the pain which Stainforth's delinquency will inflict on her."

To the propriety of this delay Waldorf consented; and declining to form one of the party that evening, he went home to wait a challenge from Stainforth—a challenge which he meant to accept, though resolved not to fire at the man whom he had already so much injured.

In a few hours a letter from Stainforth arrived; and, to the surprise of Waldorf, it was as follows:

"Though I abhor duelling, you probably expect to receive a challenge from me after guilt like yours. But were I to take your life, an easy task perhaps to one who is, as you well know, almost sure of his aim, the disgrace of having told a falsehood would still remain on my honor, and I should only add cruelty to baseness, without having retrieved, in any degree, my lost reputation. Besides, common revenge may suit common injuries; but mine have been uncommon, and so shall my vengeance be. Therefore, live, perfidious friend! and, if possible, live happy; while I, in that retirement to which your treachery has forced me, shall endeavor, by the performance of every other duty, to atone for the fault which I have committed. Nor shall I cease to weary heaven with prayers that I may live to take ample vengeance on you, and see you torn with repentance and regret for having destroyed the happiness and fame of that tender friend who loved, who honored, and in a fatal moment *confided* in you.

"Augustus Stainforth."

"Alas!" cried Waldorf, "his pen wounds me deeper than his sword would have done." But, notwithstanding, he waited on Lavinia, and prosecuted his suit with all a lover's eagerness, though well aware that by marrying her he should inflict a new wound on the unhappy Stainforth.

Stainforth, meanwhile, secluded himself from the eyes of every one; and having at length made all the necessary arrangements for quitting D——— entirely, he set off for a country seat that he possessed, at fifty miles distance from the city, and nearly inaccessible from its rocky and mountainous situation.—Here Stainforth resolved to brood over his wrongs and endeavor to obtain means of revenging them; and here he resolved to feed his hopeless but still ardent passion with a degree of romantic folly which nothing but his youth, and the idea that Lavinia felt for him a mutual passion, could in any degree excuse. And his intended constancy soon became more absurd and more reprehensible, when Lavinia, with a readiness which proved her to have no heart, admitted that Waldorf's treachery to his friend was at once an interesting proof of his ungovernable love for her, and of his generous abhorrence of falsehood, and consented to become almost immediately the wife of the man who had been the means of causing misery even worse than death—the consciousness of disgrace—to the quick-feeling and lofty-minded youth to whom, but a few days before, she had professed a tender attachment.

A woman worthy of the love of Stainforth would not, could not have acted thus; but such is the force of habit, and certain received opinions on the subject of love, and particularly first love, over the mind even of the enlightened of both sexes, that Stainforth, though informed from indisputable authority, of the unaffected cheerfulness and pleasure with which Lavinia received Waldorf's addresses and consented to marry him, persisted in declaring that he should adore her to the end of his existence with an attachment as ardent as her conduct was cruel.

At length, the news of the actual marriage took place; and for days after, Stainforth confined himself to his room and saw no one; while from the bottom of his soul he rejoiced that he was too far removed from D——— to witness any of the nuptial splendors, and congratulated himself in having taken refuge in retirement. But what was the retirement to which he had doomed himself? Not the rigid solitude of the hermit or the devotee, but a solitude cheered by the society of an affectionate and enlightened mother, and of a lovely and accomplished relation.

When the father of Stainforth, a debauched, passionate, self-willed, and extravagant German nobleman, had, in a moment of irritation dyed his hands in the blood of his friend, and been forced to fly to England, his flight was too sudden for his wife to be a partaker in it; and when he found himself in England, and possessed of a considerable sum to expend on his own private pleasures, he was not at all disposed to solicit her to follow him. And his refusal to allow her to share his exile was the greatest favor which he ever conferred on her; for she remained at her country-seat to educate her niece, the ward of her exiled husband, then a girl of fourteen, and to enjoy the society of her pious and affectionate son.

Madame Stainforth had never beheld with approbation her son's attachment to Lavinia Sternheim, because she did not think her possessed of sufficient energy and decision of character, and perhaps because she wished him to marry her charming pupil and niece, Sophia Manstein. Therefore, had Stainforth's disappointment been occasioned by any other cause than one which degraded him, she would have rejoiced in it; but as it was, her maternal pride was deeply wounded; and, though she severely blamed her son for having allowed passion to triumph over that regard for truth without which no one can be respectable in society, she thirsted as eagerly as Stainforth did for revenge on Waldorf, and was also desirous that he should hide his disgrace and self-reproaches in retirement and domestic pursuits.

"And are you indeed willing to quit the pleasures of society for my sake?" said Stainforth.

"Most willingly," replied his mother, "for your society is all my pleasure."

"But how can I expect or require so great a sacrifice of Sophia?" turning to his cousin, then a blooming girl of sixteen.

"Let me accompany you, dear cousin," she replied, "and I will soon prove to you by my saucy cheerfulness that it is no sacrifice."

"No sacrifice! Poor child! thou art too young yet to know the extent of it."

Sophia blushed, but it was not with pleasure; she did not think herself a child; she did not think herself so young as Stainforth seemed to fancy her. She had her likings and dislikings, and of all women she disliked Lavinia Sternheim, though she had never seen her; and of all the men whom she had seen, she liked her cousin Augustus. But he thought of her only as a pretty child; and poor Sophia vainly endeavored, by assuming an air of coyness and reserve when he familiarly approached her, to make him recollect she had already reached the respectable age of sixteen. But wrapped entirely in the contemplation of his own unhappy attachment, and of the error into which it had led him, Stainforth almost unconsciously seated the reluctant girl on his lap; and, while leaning his aching head on her shoulder, he rehearsed to her the story of his wrongs, he knew not that he at once offended her delicacy and wounded her feelings. Month had at length succeeded to month, and year to year, and still Stainforth remained unconsoled, and still Sophia was considered by him merely as the girl whom he had loved and nursed in her infancy, while the image of Lavinia triumphed still over his heart; and it was only by forcing himself to perform the active duties which his situation as *seigneur de village* imposed on him, that he could, except in the presence of his mother, whom he feared to afflict, banish the melancholy which oppressed him, and which made his conversation, though interesting in the highest degree, painful to the feelings of her who sighed for him with hopeless love; for Sophia had learnt to know that she loved her cousin, and, made skillful in the knowledge of the human heart in general by the whisperers of her own, she also felt that till she could teach Stainforth to look upon her as a young woman, and cease to treat her with the familiarity of near relationship, it was absolutely impossible that he could ever return her attachment—an attachment sanctioned by her aunt's avowed approbation; though she was too wise to injure the chance of her son's becoming enamored of Sophia, by hinting to him her wishes on the subject, as she well knew that he had vowed a romantic constancy to his first love, and would probably dislike the woman whom any one pointed out to him as the means of making him unfaithful to it.

While Sophia was thus a prey to hopeless tenderness, her cousin to melancholy, and her aunt to maternal anxiety, Stainforth's name, as the benefactor of his neighborhood, as the rigid but humane dispenser of justice, and, above all, as the author of some curious discovery by which his native city, and even the whole of the circle in which he lived, would be benefited, was repeated with the highest praise throughout the city of ———; and as he had refused any pecuniary reward for his public services, his disinterestedness was the admiration of every one. But though he would accept no money from the government, it was hinted to him that whatever favor he should think proper to ask would be granted to him immediately.

The Baron Sternheim, who had always liked Stainforth, and had lamented being forced to give him up as a son-in-law, now felt his regrets for his loss deepened; especially as Stainforth's father was now *certainly* dead, and Waldorf, his daughter's husband, on the brink of ruin.

As soon as Waldorf had married Lavinia, he obtained, through the baron's interest, a place of considerable trust and emolument at D———, and the income of this appointment, joined with that of his own estate, made his wealth appear to him so inexhaustible, that he lived away in a style equal to that of a nobleman of the first rank; while Lavinia, whose beauty was the pride of her husband, and whose vanity was gratified by being able to display her charms to an admiring crowd, gave into the expenses of which he set her the example; and was easily led, when their own money began to fail them, to implore assistance from the kind and confiding baron; till at length, though Waldorf every day wanted to receive more, the baron had little left to bestow; and at the end of four years Waldorf and Lavinia saw themselves the parents of four children, and involved in debt to a dreadful amount. But the place was still Waldorf's; and he promised, by laying by the income of it, to prepare himself to pay off all his debts by instalment.

Just before the state of their finances became generally known, Sophia had accepted an invitation to the house of a relation at D———, who wrote to her to urge the injustice which she was doing herself by not displaying her charms in those circles where she would be likely to form a proper choice, and to become a happy wife.

"My choice is already formed," thought Sophia; however, she believed it was right for her to mix with the world, but she could not resolve to leave home even for a few weeks.—She however gave the letter to Stainforth, who read it aloud to her mother.

"Right, very right," cried he, when he had finished it; "go by all means, my dear child;" and Sophia burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my sweet girl?" cried Stainforth, tenderly pressing her to his heart; "do you not like to go? I thought you would be pleased to hear that we approved your cousin's plan."

Sophia, half angrily, struggled and freed herself from his arms, and could hardly forbear saying,

"Could you think I should be pleased to see how willingly you were to part with me?"

"But if," continued Stainforth, "you do not like to go, say so; we do not wish to lose you, even for a day; (here Sophia's proud heart felt a little soothed;) but your friend is right, you ought to give yourself an opportunity of settling in life; and here, you know, you have no chance whatever." Sophia again burst into tears.

"You can't be well, my dear, surely," said Madame Stainforth, almost ready to shed tears also at this bad sign of success in her dearest hopes, and she instantly led the conscious girl to her own apartment; while Stainforth was saying within himself that no woman could cry without disfiguring her face, except Lavinia Sternheim. It was well for Sophia that she did not know the reflection which her tears had produced.

"Yes, madam, I will go," said Sophia, to her aunt, as soon as she could speak; "yes—I will go, as he is so eager to get rid of me; ay, and to get me married, too! a cold, ungrateful creature."

"Yes, my dear, you shall go," replied Madame Stainforth; "I can't answer it to my conscience to let you stay here, continually adding fuel to a flame which may perhaps only burn to consume you." Sophia started with horror at this unexpected observation—at this unwelcome confirmation of her own fears; but summoning all her pride, and the active energy of her fine and comprehensive mind, she dried her tears, packed up her things, and the next day set off for D———, having in vain attempted to avoid including Stainforth in her parting embrace. She returned in three months from the time of her departure, but not the same woman as she went. She had learnt to feel her own power; to know her own value; she had seen herself the object of universal admiration, and many had openly professed their love and laid their fortune at her feet; and she who vainly sighed for one smile of tenderness from him to whom she had, unasked, surrendered up her heart, was now told by the grave and the gay, by the wise and the weak, by the learned and the ignorant, by the rich and the proud, that a smile from her was a treasure of which a monarch might be vain.

"Yet Stainforth sees nothing in me!" sighed Sophia to herself; and her heart whispered her that she would gladly give up the admiration of all her lovers for the bare hope of being one day beloved by him. However, change of scene, town pleasures, and the novelty of being followed, flattered, and admired, produced an alteration in her feelings which she contemplated with joy. She had made a discovery; she found that she had considerable weapons of attack, and she learnt to handle them dexterously. Without being a coquette, Sophia had (to use the expression of a very sensible friend of mine,) a *flirtability* about her not at all inconsistent with purity of mind, which produced great effect on all who approached her and added to the influence of a face which boasted the rare and irresistible union of beauty and expression.

Hitherto, also, Sophia had dressed like a mere girl; but now she learnt to avail herself of ornamental and becoming apparel; the short petticoat was replaced by the graceful sweeping trail, and the dark auburn ringlets which shaded her white neck, were now turned *a la Grecque;* and by displaying her fine throat to advantage, exhibited beauty even more attractive than what resided in her glossy hair. Besides, vivacity, the natural expression of her face, had supplanted the melancholy which she had caught from her melancholy cousin; and though loveliness still in her *heart*, in her appearance only beamed the consciousness of beauty, tempered by gentleness in the exercise of its power.

"I declare I believe he will hardly know me again!" said Sophia one evening, when with sparkling eyes and heightened color she was returned from a ball, and gazing at herself in a whole-length glass; "I wonder whether he will call me *child* any more, and kiss me like a baby!"

At length the day of her return arrived; and, dressed in the travelling dress in which she left home, Sophia with a beating heart saw herself returned to the door of her cousin's house. In a moment she was in her aunt's arms, but Stainforth was not at home.

"How you are grown! how you are altered! how improved! how beautiful you are!" cried Madame Stainforth, folding her in a maternal embrace.

Sophia felt a degree of timid pleasure in being thus praised by the mother of Stainforth, which she had never experienced from the praises of her admirers at D———. "Oh, if *he* should think so," faltered out Sophia, hiding her blushing face on her aunt's shoulder.

"Has he *eyes?*" answered Madame Stainforth; and Stainforth entered the room. Sophia instantly started up; and, according to the lesson which she had set herself, she made him a sort of mock reverence; she meant it to be so dignified as to keep him at a distance, and check the usual familiarity of his welcome, and still have sufficiently the air of a joke to avoid his thinking that she was become cold and proud.

Stainforth was so surprised at the change which he observed in her, (for she was grown considerably taller,) that he absolutely stood still at the door; and when he approached to bid her welcome, he contented himself, though he called her his dear, dear child, with gently kissing the cheek which she blushingly offered to him, and did not seem for one moment to fancy her "a baby." But he made no comments on her improvement; he seemed conscious only of a *change;* and Sophia having taken off her hat, and let her fine ringlets hang down her neck as usual, was conscious that she looked in his eyes like her former self. When it was near dinner-time, Sophia retired to dress, and Stainforth to his studies. He was soon so engrossed by them, that Sophia, in all the pride of fashionable dress, and the consciousness of grace and beauty, was seated by the side of her delighted aunt, who could not vert her eyes from gazing on her, before Stainforth recollected that Sophia was returned, and that he had been called to dinner. Nay, his abstraction followed him into the dining-room; and contenting himself with giving her a smile, and nod of welcome, he ate his dinner nearly in silence; and the mortified Sophia saw that

her brilliant appearance was totally thrown away on him. After dinner he would have retired again, but as his mother was forced to go away on business, she begged him to stay to entertain Sophia, who was, she said, for that day at least, a stranger, and to be treated with some ceremony; he therefore returned to his seat, and forced himself to make inquiries concerning Sophia's mode of spending her time at D———. But she saw that he scarcely heard her answers, and was evidently in a hurry to return to his studies; and wounded pride and pique restored her to the self command and tranquillity of which the tete-a-tete at first deprived her. At length, however, she saw by his countenance that certain painful recollections came across his mind; and he suddenly exclaimed—"Well, did you see that man, that Waldorf?"

"Yes, frequently."

"And did you deliver to him punctually the message which I sent; namely, that it was my daily prayer that I might not die unrevenged on him?"

"No, indeed, I did not."

"Then you are not the kind, affectionate girl I thought you; I thought you would have fulfilled the only commission which I gave you."

"So I would have done, had it been a commission *worthy* of you."

"Sophia!"

"Augustus! dear cousin, I love you, but I do not love your faults, nor the faults of any man; and, in my opinion, this unrated thirst for revenge, is immoral, pernicious, and unchristian."

"So, miss; you have learnt to reason and decide, during your visit to D———, have you?"

"No, sir; I only pretend to *feel;* and I own it grieves me, and has grieved me through many a year, to see your health and spirits worn away by ungratified wishes for vengeance; and the present enjoyments of life sacrificed to the indulgence of weak and unavailing regrets for the past. True, you have been exemplary in the discharge of your public duties; but have you been equally so in that of your private ones? Was it not your duty to try to amuse your poor little orphan cousin by your sallies of wit, instead of forcing her, by the contagion of your woful example, to look like a Melpomene, when nature intended her for a Thalia? I maintain it; instead of sighing for a false mistress, and pining for revenge on a false friend; instead of bewailing the commission of a single error, atoned for by a thousand instances of active virtue—you ought to have talked sense, and read sense to your affectionate mother; talked agreeable nonsense to your little cousin; played cribbage with her, and blindman's buff with me; ('I play at blindman's buff!') moved a minuet occasionally with her, and waltzed with me; ('I move minuets and dance waltzes!')—in short—"

Here Sophia was forced to stop; for the almost indignant surprise which manifested itself on Stainforth's face at hearing a girl run on with so much voluble impertinence—a girl whom he had never heard venture to have an opinion before—was so ludicrous as to overset her gravity completely, and she gave way to a violent fit of laughter. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

YET still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through gain's silence, and o'er glory's din;
Whatever creed be taught, or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God!

—*Byron.*

☞ In travelling in Pennsylvania among the Dutch, I met some queer specimens of humanity. I was one day talking to a fat old innkeeper who had been thrice married, upon the tender theme of connubial felicity, when he expressed his views as follows:—"Vell; den, you see, de first time I marries it vas for love—dat vash goot; den I marries for peauty—dat vash goot, too, about ash goot ash de first—but dis time I marries for money, and dis is petter as poth."

☞ At five years of age, the father begins to rub the mother out of his child; at ten the schoolmaster rubs out the father; at twenty the college rubs out the schoolmaster; at twenty-five the world rubs out all its predecessors, and gives us a new education, till we are old enough and wise enough to take reason and religion for our pastors, when we employ the rest of our lives in unlearning what we had previously learned.

ASKED or unasked, Lord, with all good befriend us,
But from all evil, e'en though unasked, defend us.

☞ A CARLYLIAN SENTIMENT.—If you would have your laws obeyed without mutiny, see well to it that they are pieces of God Almighty's law—otherwise all the artillery of the world cannot keep down mutiny.

☞ A RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A dividend now-a-days.—*Punch.*

THE pilgrim o'er the desert wild
Should ne'er let want confound him,
For he at any time can eat
The *sand which is* around him.
It might seem odd that he could find
Such palatable fare,
Did we not know the sons of *Ham*
Were *bred* and *mustard* there.

☞ It is a species of happiness to know to what extent we can be unhappy.—*Rochefoucault.*

☞ The desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it.—*Sterne.*

☞ "Sir," said a burly fellow, of no enviable character, "I have the largest neck of any in the city." "Very likely," calmly replied his neighbor; "and I saw yesterday the largest rope in the city. Put that and that together."

☞ Morphy's motto, says the Boston Post, is:—

"Charge, Chester, charge
On Staunton, on!"

☞ Wedderburn asked Sheridan how he had got rid of his brogue, as he wished to get rid of his Scotch accent. "My dear fellow," said Sheridan, "don't attempt such a thing. The House listens to you now because they don't understand you; but, if you become intelligible, they will soon be able to take your measure."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 5 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union, without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"Blandford's Choice;" "A few words to the Young."

TO CHANCE READERS.

We call the attention of chance readers of THE POST to our Prospectus for Next Year in another column. They will see by reading it, we think, that they cannot do better than enroll themselves upon the long list of our subscribers. The **$1,680** story, by the distinguished author, MR. G. P. R. JAMES, will be of itself worth the price of the paper to club subscribers—Mr. James's last novel, LORD MONTAGU'S PAGE, is now selling in book form for $1,25. And then, besides, we design furnishing THREE STORIES from MARY HOWITT, a Series of BRILLIANT ARTICLES from GRACE GREENWOOD, a NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, &c., &c., &c. Add to these our MISCELLANEOUS and AGRICULTURAL Articles, the SELECTIONS from FOREIGN SOURCES, the FOREIGN and DOMESTIC NEWS, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., and our subscribers will have about TEN times the worth of their money. But see Prospectus.

BEGIN AT ONCE!—To those who design making up Clubs for THE POST, we would say emphatically, BEGIN AT ONCE. Even if you do not wish your subscriptions to commence before the first of January, do not neglect to make up your Clubs AT ONCE! Do not wait until the field is reaped before you commence—but take the harvest at its opening. By so doing you will save yourselves labor, and greatly benefit us. Let our old friends especially, who have stood by THE POST through so many summers and winters, fail not to BEGIN AT ONCE!—and we will show our contemporaries of the press that "some things can be done"—not only "as well"—but a little *better* than others.

As we expect to receive a large accession to our list at the opening of the year, when we design commencing Mr. James's novelet of "THE CAVALIER," we would be obliged if those making up clubs to begin at that time, would send them on as early as possible, in order that we may so regulate our edition that none may fail in getting their papers without vexatious delays. When the bulk of a club is made up, the names obtained can be sent on, and the remainder forwarded afterwards, when they will be added on our books.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—Little doubt now remains as to the melancholy fate of this heroic seaman. Apprehension, in his case, has deepened into despair. Even to that all-loving, all-hoping, true-hearted wife of his—a model for her sex—it must seem at times as if all hope were now over. Dr. Rae, the overland explorer, in a recent lecture before the Geographical Society of New York, said that he had confidence in the story told by the Esquimaux, and believed that Sir John's party had perished from exposure and want. He thinks the melancholy close of the expedition took place in the June of 1850. In 1845, Sir John left England. He had only three years' provisions, which could not be made to last four years in that climate without extensive additions. No expedition has been able to stay four years in so high a latitude without getting the scurvy. The Esquimaux agreed in saying that there was no old man in the party; so Sir John must have died before. He asked the Esquimaux why they did not feed them, but they answered that they were almost starved themselves. In this judgment of Dr. Rae's probably the most hopeful and stout-hearted are now prepared to acquiesce. It is to us a matter of regret that these courageous and all-enduring men should have perished in an expedition which, even if successful, promised to be of no practical value to mankind. We trust there will be no more Arctic Expeditions.

TASTES DIFFER.—The *Home Journal* says:—

From the portraits of these two great men whose deeds dazzle us by their magnificence, let us turn to the picture of one—a feeble woman, possessed of neither rank nor wealth—whose life has interested us more than the history of either the great Frederick, or the magnificent Philip, and whose death we deplore with unfeigned sorrow.

The "portraits of the two great men," were Carlyle's "History of Frederick the Great" and Prescott's "History of Philip the Second"—can our readers guess who the "feeble woman" was, "whose life interested" our contemporary "more?" Madam Ida Pfeiffer! Was our respected contemporary, when penning the above, asleep or joking?

EARLY RISING.—In Doddridge's "Familiar Expositor" there occurs the following passage: "I will here record an observation which I have found of great use to myself, and to which I say that the production of this work, and most of my other writings, is owing, viz.: that the difference between rising at five and at seven o'clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of seven years to a man's life."

But suppose by thus rising at five, you injure your health, and shorten your life *ten* years—that would be a loss of *three*, instead of a gain of seven. And if your constitution require eight hours sleep, and you go to bed at eleven, then to get up at five would be to injure your health, and perhaps to affect the equilibrium and even saneness of your mind. Too little sleep, we are convinced, is the first cause of much insanity, and of much more irritability, nervousness, and eccentricity.—"Early to rise," says the wise old proverb; but it couples with it, as a previous rule, "Early to bed." The two together—allowing plenty of time for sound sleep in that night season which is especially designed in the order of nature for slumber—undoubtedly do *tend* to make a man "healthy, wealthy and wise." While late hours, with their unnatural and artificial excitements of various kinds, on the other hand, do tend to ruin health and fortune, and impair the clear, equable and healthy action of the mind. But, if you keep late hours at night, it will only make things worse, not better, to keep early hours in the morning. While, if you go to bed early, you will seldom feel tempted to lie very late—the one good habit having a constant tendency to produce the other.

A BOLD BOARD.—The Board of Agriculture of the State of Ohio—Ohio whose greatest city is often called PORKOPOLIS—has the boldness to report as follows:—

"It is hoped that, as civilization progresses, pork, as an article of diet, *will fall into disuse;* it must be gratifying to every philanthropist to learn that in Ohio there is certainly a great decline in the use of it as an article of food."

Will there not be an ominous grunting among the swine raisers of Ohio, when the above paragraph is read? But we can comfort them a little; whatever decline there may be in the use of pork in the Buckeye State, there is none yet in the quantity raised there. The recent Assessors' returns show an increase of hogs for the present year of 223,136—or about ten per cent. Somebody therefore must eat pork yet—and, in fact, what poor, hard-working man can resolve entirely to abandon hog meat? Neither, in our opinion, should it be abandoned. We disagree with the Ohio Board of Agriculture. Hog meat is strong meat, we grant—but, when properly fattened, it is good food for those to whom hard labor in the fresh air—and especially in the winter months—has given strong appetites. The mistake is in the improper rearing of the animal—and in its being too frequently used as food by persons who do not take such exercise as we have spoken of. Let the hogs have their due then. In a world like this, he who aims a blow at the hogs, aims a blow at humanity.

A STRANGE CASE, originating in the wearing of crinoline, was brought before the Liverpool Police Court, recently. Two young ladies, the daughters of wealthy parents, in company with their governess, were proceeding along the Prince's Park, new road, when a young man, said to be well connected, came up to them, and, after a few impertinent observations in reference to their crinoline, seized the ladies' petticoats, and cut through their underclothes and a handsome netted crinoline, tearing the latter habiliment completely off. He then ran away, but was afterwards taken into custody, and lodged in Bridewell. It appears that the man labors under a monomania, or a sort of vindictive feeling against crinoline.

"A monomania induced by a vindictive feeling against crinoline"—what could be more natural? The young man, it seems to us, should be considered more an object of pity than of punishment; and the benevolent people of Liverpool should resort to fitting methods to restore him to reason and to society—of which latter he probably once was a brilliant ornament. Confinement for a limited period in an asylum where none of the female attendants are permitted to wear crinoline, we judge would have a soothing and very happy effect. Doubtless our lady friends, reading of the above hapless case, will be touched to the very depths of their pitiful hearts, and rejoice that the day of crinoline is nearly over.

PRINCESS OR NO PRINCESS!—The question has been raised in New York by "three hungry Frenchmen," connected with the French paper of that city, as to whether Piccolomini is really a Princess or not. The evidence seems to be rather against the claims of the *prima donna*—her own passport only claiming for her the title of Countess, a title which is, we believe, about as common in Italy as esquire is here. Still we see no more objection to Mr. Ullman's calling her his Princess, than to Mr. Richard Swiveller's calling another young lady his "Marchioness." This is a free country, and we know no law against conferring titles of nobility, at pleasure. If it please the frequenters of the opera to hear a favorite called a Princess, why deprive them of so cheap a felicity? Every lady in this country is either the wife or daughter of "one of the sovereigns"—and is, therefore, either a Queen or a Princess. Success, therefore, to Princess Piccolomini—and confusion to the "three hungry Frenchmen" aforesaid!

THE LAST "SPIRITUAL" MARVEL.—A portion of the "Spiritualists" in New York, are firm believers in the alleged fact that the spirit of a man who was dissected by the medical students at Hartford, is engaged in gathering up his bones, in order to put his skeleton together again. Nice business this for a spirit to be engaged in! Perhaps when he was alive, he was a dealer in old bones—which is quite a business in all large cities. One of the bones aforesaid, recently dropped from the ceiling between a Dr. Redman, a medium, and another gentleman!

THE DOOM OF CRINOLINE.—We learn by a letter from Paris, that the invitations recently issued for Compiegne, whither Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie have betaken themselves, state expressly that no lady will be received in crinoline!

VOLUNTEER FIREMEN.—The Hibernia steam fire engine company, of this city, were received with unheard-of honors on their recent visit to New York. Judging by the way they were paraded through the streets, they might be said to have the "freedom" of the entire city presented to them. The *Tribune* says:—

No Columbus, triumphantly returning from his discoveries of a New World, could have received a greater ovation. No Washington, after the strifes and agonies of a Revolutionary War, could have evolved more show. Broadway was filled up with a gigantic procession.—A mere item was forty bands of music—more than London herself can show on the greatest civic or military parade. There were elaborate fireworks, and sumptuous feasts; and official outpourings of welcome still continue in the cities around and about.

In view of the above, we consider it almost dangerous for a Philadelphian, especially if he be a fireman and a poor walker, to visit New York at the present time. It is evident that our New York brethren have just awakened to the knowledge of what a superlatively excellent and wonderful people the Philadelphians are. At present we rank equal to Columbus and Washington. We feel highly complimented, indeed. But can we be wrong, after all, in supposing that this is a correct view of the case, and that it was not designed to especially compliment Philadelphia? Can it be that it was the "Grate Squirt," as one of our American poets so expressively terms the steam fire engine, which was meant to be thus honored? Philadelphia or the "*Grate Squirt?*" We pause for a reply.

A QUEER KIND OF A DEMOCRAT.—As a New York contemporary has denominated Thomas Carlyle a "*Democrat,*" we may be allowed to quote a passage from his recent life of Frederick the Great, as showing how peculiarly "Democratic" his opinions are. After speaking of Frederick as "the great drill sergeant of the Prussian nation," he says:

"I have remarked that, of all things, a nation needs first to be drilled, and no nation that has not first been governed by so-called 'tyrants,' and held tight to the curb till it became perfect in its paces, and thoroughly amenable to rule and law, and heartily respectful of the same, ever came to much in this world. England itself, in foolish quarters of England, still howls and execrates lamentably over its William Conqueror, and its vigorous line of Normans and Plantagenets; but without them, if you will consider well, what had it ever been? A gluttonous race of Jutes and Angles, capable of no grand combinations, lumbering about in pot-bellied equanimity; not dreaming of heroic toil, and silence, and endurance, such as leads to the high places of this universe, and the golden mountain tops, where dwell the spirits of the dawn. Their very ballot-boxes and suffrages, what they call their 'liberty,' if these mean 'liberty,' and are such a road to Heaven—Anglo Saxon high road thither—could never have been possible for them on such terms. How could they? Nothing but collision, intolerable interpressure, (as of men *not* perpendicular,) and consequent battle often supervening, could have been appointed those undrilled Anglo-Saxons, their pot bellied equanimity itself continuing liable to perpetual interruptions as in the Heptarchy time. An enlightened public does not reflect on these things at present, but will again by-and-by. Looking with human eyes over the England that now is, and over the America and the Australia, from pole to pole, and then listening to the constitutional litanies of Dryasdust, and his lamentations on the old Norman and Plantaganet Kings, and *his* recognition of departed merit and causes of effects, the mind of man is struck dumb."

MONEY ORDERS.—We are rejoiced to hear that the Postmaster-General intends developing a plan in his coming Report, for the forwarding of orders for small amounts of money, upon the basis of the English system. The amount of money which now goes to the Dead Letter Office, is said to be between fifty and sixty thousand dollars a year. The failure of this money to come to hand, doubtless causes a great deal of unhappiness and unjust suspicion. Besides it is with no small difficulty that it is returned by the Department to its rightful owners. A system of Money Orders moreover, would almost entirely prevent the plundering of letters by dishonest officials, of whom there are always more or less about, doing a great deal of mischief, and bringing suspicion upon their honest brethren. If the Postmaster-General succeeds in developing a practicable working plan, the newspaper press should give him an ovation.

THE MORTARA CASE.—Gen. Cass, in an official letter to Mr. Abraham Hart, of this city, says:—

I have received and submitted to the President your letter of the 15th inst., respecting the alleged forcible abduction from his parents of a Jewish child, by the public authorities at Bologna, in the Papal dominions, and asking some expression of condemnation on the part of this Government.

This occurrence took place within the territories of an independent power, and without affecting the rights of any American citizen. It is the settled policy of the United States to abstain from all interference in the internal concerns of other countries.

Certainly there is nothing in the circumstances of this case, as they are reported, which would impose this reserve upon the Government. But it is deemed proper to adhere to the established principle which has hitherto regulated its conduct in its intercourse with other nations.

A HARD SENTENCE.—We see it stated that on Thanksgiving Day, in New York, several of the leading clergymen commented at length upon the increasing demoralization of that city—one going so *far as* to say that New York would suffer by a comparison with Sodom and Gomorrah. We think this is rather too hard a sentence. There was only *one* good man in Sodom—there must be at least several thousands in New York, unless the church members there are all hypocrites. These thousands doubtless keep the waters of the harbor in their proper place.

SOUTHERN INSTITUTES, by GEORGE S. SAWYER, (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) is the treatise of a member of the Louisiana bar, in comprehensive review of the whole slavery question.

☞ The old metaphysicians anticipated in English most of the words supposed to be peculiar to German philosophy. *Reason* and *understanding*, in their technical sense, *sensuous* and *transcendental*, *subjective*, *objective* and *supernatural* were all words revived—not invented—by the school of Coleridge.—*Professor Marsh.*

New Publications.

JOAN OF ARC, OR THE MAID OF ORLEANS, (Stanford & Delisser, New York,) is the story of the heroic girl of Domremy as given in the vivid and passionate rhetoric of Michelet. It forms in the original setting of it, part of that author's splendid history of France—a work as intense, picturesque and dramatic as a novel by Victor Hugo, and which indeed irradiates French history with the gorgeous lights and colors of romance. To properly estimate the historical value of Michelet's account of Joan of Arc it is necessary to observe the peculiar character of the remarkable work in which it appears. As the greatest excellencies of that work are due to the predominance which the imagination maintains in it over the judgment, so also its greatest defects may be referred to the same cause. It embodies a wealth of learning hardly second to any that gives value to the works of the greatest writers of history, and, decorated with every ornament that imaginative power and rhetorical dexterity can devise, it moves through the mind of the reader with the pomp of a pageant. But the main defect in it is that it is not scientific—by which we mean that its deductions are not to its facts as effects are to causes, and are frequently open to refutation on the authority of classes of facts which Michelet does not include in his considerations. A perfect duality is apparent all through the work. On the one hand we have an immense amount of valuable historical and literary information; on the other a mass of assumptions and deductions which may or may not be true, but which very often have no necessary connexion with the facts cited in support of them, or exist outside of any known facts whatever. All this seems to us especially true of the treatment Joan of Arc has received at the hands of Michelet. The splendid array of facts he has brought forward in her vindication place her forever beyond the chance of defamation, and restore her to history as one of its brightest forms. But those facts rather enable us to discern what Joan really was, than to confirm the extravagant and indeed superstitious view Michelet seems to take of her. The entire account of the brave girl and her heroic delusion is vitiated by the pietism, the poetry, and the rhetoricianism of the historian. But even a worse fault appears in it, as indeed in the whole history—namely, its patriotism. Patriotism is one of those despicable virtues of which no historian should ever be guilty, and Michelet is a Frenchman at the expense of mankind. In telling the noble and pathetic story of the maid of Orleans, he forgets to score the French rascals who betrayed and abandoned her to her fate, and loses no opportunity to vent an outrageous Anglophobia in embellishing and heightening with every kind of rhetorical artifice the guilt of the English in that transaction. Nothing is charged to the equal barbarity of the French and English of a barbarous age, but everything to the barbarity of the English as, Michelet says, it is in this era. Here is an amusing specimen of his estimate of the English:—

"This great English people, with so many "good and solid qualities, is infected by one "vice, which corrupts these very qualities "themselves. This rooted, all-poisoning vice "is pride. * * * This self-adoration, this "internal worship of the creature for its own "sake is the sin by which Satan fell; the "height of impiety. This is the reason that "with so many of the virtues of humanity, "with their seriousness and sobriety of demeanor, and with their biblical turn of mind, "*no nation is further off from grace.* They are "the only people who have been unable to "claim the authorship of the Imitation of Jesus; a Frenchman might write it, a German, "an Italian, never an Englishman. *From Shakspeare to Milton, from Milton to Byron, their beautiful and sombre literature is skeptical, Judaical, "Satanic, in a word, anti-Christian.* 'As regards law,' as a legist well says, 'the English are Jews, the French Christians.' A "theologian might express himself in the "same manner as regards faith. *The American Indians, with that penetration and originality "they so often exhibit,* expressed this distinction "in their own fashion: '*Christ,*' said one of "them, '*was a Frenchman whom the Jews crucified in London; Pontius Pilate was an officer in "the service of Great Britain.*'"

He goes on to refer the English hatred for Joan to their pride; she had wounded their self-esteem by making them run in battle, etc. The most ridiculous passages in the above paragraph we have put in italics: the concluding sentence is rich, both as a joke and a philosophical estimate couched in epigram. Could anything well be more absurd than the foregoing extract! Comically enough, there is some truth in it. Doubtless the English have pride, but so far from its being the enormous vice and weakness Michelet would have us believe, it is, as might easily be shown, one of the very reasons of the superiority of the English character, necessitating as it does that fund of self-reliance from which so many magnificent results have sprung. On the other hand, Michelet tells us nothing of that vanity, which Napoleon said, was "the ruling principle of the French"—an opinion confirmed by Dumont, De Stael, Broussais, Voltaire, De Tocqueville, Mezeray, and many other French writers—and further confirmed by the illustrious instance Michelet himself furnishes in his own person. Must it not be confessed that as a motor of personal conduct and national progress, pride is better and more effectual than vanity? For the proud man looks to his own nature for the regulator of his actions: the vain man seeks his in the opinions of other men. Is not this distinction in the national characters of the two nations, one reason why the English have—not in all respects, but in all *essential* respects—progressed more rapidly and steadily in the arts of society and government than the French? But we shall not pursue these reflections.—The paragraph we have quoted illustrates the deplorable Anglophobia which vitiates Michelet's treatment of the episode of Joan of Arc, and this has called forth from De Quincey that lofty and burning tribute to the glory of the girl of Domremy which not only palea the colored fires of her historian by its scornful and generous splendor, but throws upon the statue of her fame

"The light that never was on sea or shore,
"The consecration and the poet's dream."

It is only just to the French historian, however, to repeat that his account of Joan, with all its faults, is the best and noblest we have had. But between the calumnies of Shakspeare and Voltaire and the super-celestial eulogies of Michelet and Schiller, there is a golden mean, which we hope some one will yet illustrate. Meanwhile, this little volume, just the size for one's side pocket in the cars or elsewhere, may be read with profit and pleasure. It contains, by the way, an anecdote which our readers have perhaps seen in other forms, but this is the original of it. Speaking of the ferocious Armagnac captains, and their strange means of reconciling religion and robbery, Michelet says:—

"One of them, the Gascon La Hire, gave vent "to the original remark, 'Were God to turn "man-at-arms, he would be a plunderer;' and "when he went on a foray he offered up his lit-"tle Gascon prayer without entering too minute-"ly into his wants, conceiving that God would "take a hint—'Sire God, I pray Thee to do "for La Hire what La Hire would do for "Thee, were Thou a captain, and were La Hire "God.'"

How hard to realize that a man's mind could ever have been so darkened, as to offer up, in all sincerity, such a prayer!

JUDGE HALIBURTON'S YANKEE STORIES, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is the new title of a volume which contains the well-known Sam Slick "Clockmaker" Sketches.

THE ILLUSTRATING MIRROR, by JOHN HERR, (H. Barr, Lancaster,) purports to be an illustration of the Sermon on the Mount.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILE (Stanford & Delisser, New York) a volume of imposing size, does not prove to be, as the title led us to fancy, a historical calendar of the cruelties of the dark prison which looms so sombrely from French history, but a highly sensational Bastile novel, or rather book of novels, full of rat-trap surprises and harrowing incidents.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1859.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE,

THE NEWS, AGRICULTURE, &c.

G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, T. S. ARTHUR, &c.

The Proprietors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would call the attention of the public to their long-established sheet, and especially to their BRILLIANT ARRANGEMENTS for the coming year. THE POST is peculiarly adapted to the wants of COUNTRY FAMILIES, as it contains weekly not only a large amount of the Best Literature, but the Latest News, Agricultural Essays and Information, Domestic Receipts, Accounts of the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

In its Literary Department measures have been taken to render the coming year one of Unusual Interest. Determined to obtain for THE POST the very best talent that could be procured, we have made arrangements with the distinguished author, G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., for the aid of his brilliant and fertile pen. We design opening the year with an Historical Novelet by this gifted author, to be entitled

THE CAVALIER,

By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.,

Author of "Richelieu," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c.

To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

In addition to "THE CAVALIER," we have already secured

THREE STORIES from MARY HOWITT

a lady whose name and literary abilities are probably known wherever the English language is spoken.

We may further state that GRACE GREENWOOD, the popular American authoress, will contribute regularly to our columns. A Series of Articles from her brilliant and graceful pen has been arranged for, to be entitled

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS;

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In this Series, which will probably run through the whole year, our readers may anticipate a literary treat of no common character.

A NOVELET, BY T. S. ARTHUR;

our readers' and the public's old and approved friend, has also been engaged to add to the treasures of the New Year. Our admirable weekly

LETTERS FROM PARIS,

which have been so well received by our readers, will also be continued.

In addition to the names of G. P. R. JAMES, MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, and T. S. ARTHUR, we may mention MRS. M. A. DENISON, MISS EMMA ALICE BROWNE, "FLORENCE PERCY," MISS MARTHA RUSSELL, and the Author of *MY LAST CRUISE*, as among the *regular* contributors to THE POST. The productions of many other writers, of course, will at intervals grace and adorn our columns; and

CHOICE SELECTIONS

of all kinds, from the BEST FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SOURCES, shall continue to be, as heretofore, a leading feature of our paper. The Stories, Essays, Sketches, Agricultural and Scientific Facts, &c., &c., obtained in this way for the readers of THE POST, are among the most instructive as well as interesting portion of its contents. THE VERY CREAM of the PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF THE BRITISH ISLES being thus given to our readers.

While THE POST thus presents Literary attractions of the very highest order—designed for a more intelligent class of readers than those who take delight in the "blood and murder" and "rawdust" literature of the "flash weeklies"—it does not neglect those departments that the Family Circle equally requires. It publishes weekly

AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES—the NEWS, FOREIGN, DOMESTIC and CONGRESSIONAL—Receipts useful to the Housekeeper and the Farmer; many of them worth more than the cost of a year's subscription—Riddles and Problems—The Markets—Bank Note List, &c., &c., &c.

TERMS (CASH IN ADVANCE.)

SINGLE COPY $2.00 A-YEAR.

Four Copies,	$5.00 a-year.
Eight, " (and one to getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
Thirteen, " (and one to getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
Twenty, " (and one to getter up of Club,)	20,00 "

The Postage on the POST to any part of the United States, paid quarterly or yearly in advance at the office where it is received, is only 26 cents a-year.

Address, *always post-paid,*

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 132 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

☞ *Sample Numbers sent Gratis to Any One, when Requested.*

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

AUTUMN SUNSHINE—IMPERIAL RURALIZING—ADVENTURES OF A BOX OF SWEETMEATS—A PEOPLE NOT FOND OF BOOKS—MISHAPS OF FRENCH SPORTSMEN—DEATH OF A GREAT TRAVELLER.

Paris, November 11, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

So brilliant an autumn as the present one has not been seen here for many years; but the unusual dryness of the season is attended with many inconveniences. The Seine is shrunk to a thread, and, moreover, a thread giving out a perfume by no means agreeable; the wells and springs are drying up all over the country: the peasants in many districts are unable to sow their wheat, the ground being too much parched for that operation, half-built houses are left by the workmen, who cannot obtain water for mixing the mortar; and fuel is becoming scarce because the supplies are awaiting, in the interior of the country, the friendly showers that must raise the level of the rivers and canals before the winter supplies of wood and coal can be floated down to the blue-nosed metropolis. The cry for "rain!" is becoming louder every day; and unless the "windows of Heaven" send down their tiresome but needful blessings before long, it is hard to say what will become of us. Meantime the Court is enjoying itself, as usual, at Compiegne, hunting, shooting, riding, driving, and dancing, to the hearts' content of the happy *invites*, honored by being summoned to share the Imperial ruralizings in that old hunting-palace of the Kings of France. The exceedingly limited accommodations of this royal lodge, as well as the uncomfortable simplicity of its whitewashed bed-rooms, have already been alluded to in these letters; and although something has been done to improve the rooms set apart for visitors, the place is still very deficient in comfort as well as in show. But the glory of being the guests of "Majesty" seems to swallow up all sense of discomfort; and the luxurious courtiers favored with invitations for the fortnight's stay, which no one is allowed to exceed, leave their opulent homes, with all the Sybaritic appliances and appurtenances of their Paris existence, and rush off to Compiegne with an *empressement* as great as though the delights of Paradise awaited them at the end of their journey.

The "Child of France," though growing rapidly, has not yet reached the honors of the field; but his Imperial papa, with his sleepy-looking eyes, is a successful sportsman when not incommoded by his rheumatism, and sometimes makes a present to those whom he "delights to honor" in a very especial manner, of game brought down by the Imperial gun. Vice-Admiral Vaillant, who has just departed this life, not long since received a magnificent fawn shot by the Emperor, to console him for the loss of a chest of South American preserves, fruit, picklee, and other delicacies which he had brought home with him from the New World, as *a present for his family*, but which, being sent by mistake to his namesake and relative, Marshal Vaillant, Intendent of the Imperial Household, was by him at once forwarded to the Tuileries, under the supposition that the delicacies so unexpectedly consigned to his address, were most probably intended for the delectation of their Majesties, the Empress being renowned for her love of all manner of *recherche* sweetmeats. The Admiral, on reaching Paris, and missing the precious chest from his luggage, supposed it had been left behind by the railway people, and wrote to them to send it on forthwith! The latter replied that the case in question had certainly been forwarded to Paris; and the Admiral, unable to imagine how it could have disappeared, was fain, after much unsuccessful inquiring, to put up with his loss. A few days after his arrival, he happened to breakfast at the Tuileries, and was greatly amazed at seeing on the table sundry pots of preserves which he immediately recognized as forming part of the contents of the missing chest. Marshal Vaillant, being also present, the mistake was at once explained, the Empress laughing very heartily at the poor Admiral's mischance. Next day he received the fawn aforesaid from the Emperor; but it is probable that he would have preferred to have retained possession of his unlucky chest.

The opening of new streets, and the planting of thousands of vigorous new trees, are not the only experiments now tending to the beautification of this brilliant city; a new system of tin reflectors is being examined by the Municipal Fathers, to be adapted to the street gaslights, with a view to increasing the brilliance of their light. It is a pity that the mental and moral illumination of the public cannot be made to keep pace with the progress made in street-lighting. Curiously in contrast with the habits of all branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, is the slight interest taken by the mass of the community in books; and the small place which reading occupies in their habits and pleasures. In all France there are but 1,037 printing establishments, 9,500 compositors, 3,000 printers, 900 proof-readers, and 350 foremen. The total average of works printed in France is 8,000, representing a value of $5,000 only.

But if the French care little for books, they are the most indefatigable of gazers and strollers; enjoy dances, pic nics, and theatre-going beyond all other people, and do their best to get up a passionate liking for horse-racing and field sports. The races for this year are just over, having been attended by crowds; but the sporting season is but just begun, and every one who can raise a gun and a half-holiday ambitiously deserts the desk and the counting-house, and marches off to make war on the four-footed innocents of the environs. The entire neighborhood of Paris is positively infested at this season by an army of sportsmen, who, dressed in various odd costumes, and furnished with a big pouch, a gun, and a *permis de chasse*, pursue small game across vineyards, gooseberry patches and beds of onions and carrots. If the recitals that appear every day in the journals are to be relied on, these sportsmen are more apt to lodge their balls in their own shoulders and in those of their companions, than in the bodies of the birds and animals they spend their days in running after; and the market-women regard this season as their "harvest," having to supply the countless game-bags which these gentlemen cannot muster courage to bring home empty to the wives and sisters to whom they have boasted so loudly, before setting out for "le sport," of the heaps of game they will bring down in the course of the day. Scarcely a day passes without some new story of domestic mortification, brought on some unlucky *chasseur* through the discovery, by indignant feminine eyes, of the real source whence have been obtained "the magnificent hare," the "beautiful brace of woodcocks," or the "pair of splendid pheasants" presented so triumphantly to his better half by "dear Alfred" on his return from his *partie de chasse*.

But it would seem that "misadventures" are but too generally the order of the day whenever the French *bourgeois* allows his imagination to become inflamed by visions of procuring game from any other quarter than the regular poultry shops. A pathetic story, just going the rounds, narrates how M. X. having amassed a handsome fortune in the hosiery line, and determined to lead henceforth the life of *grand seigneur*, purchased, last year, a "magnificent estate at V——, in Lower Normandy"—a region renowned for its abundance of game—for the express purpose of being able to eat all manner of game "from his own preserves." "Green peas, melons, peaches, apricots, salads, and cabbages, I shall of course, have in abundance also from my gardens; my butter also; but the special glory of my life will be," mused the happy landed proprietor, "to see the admiration of my guests at the hares and the partridges shot on my estate."

M. X. having lost his first helpmate, had recently married a young and dashing wife, handsome, gay, and no less devoted to the interests of her toilette than are the greater number of the fair *Parisiennes*. In marrying M. X. she had counted on outshining all her old friends; but M. X., whose first wife, by her parsimonious habits had aided him not a little in the amassing of his fortune, was shocked at the extravagant ideas of his handsomer half on the subject of her personal adornment, and had not failed, on discovering her love of the costly elegancies of the feminine wardrobe, to tighten the reins of the lady's expenditure; a course of whose prudence he was all the more satisfied from the fact that his pretty wife's toilette, even with the reduced sum he allowed her for that purpose, was still so handsome and showy as to fully gratify the vanity of her husband.

But though the question of his wife's dress was thus satisfactorily settled, the fortunate hosier seemed doomed to disappointment in the matter on which he had so especially set his heart; and of all the fine things to be gathered or shot down on his estate and duly displayed on his table, nothing was forthcoming. If he sent to his gardener for peaches, he was told that the field-mice had eaten them; if for green peas, the drought had killed them; as for cabbages the caterpillars had not left a sound heart in the whole garden. The grounds were equally unproductive. The rabbits had burrowed under the walls, and left the estate by these underground passages; the hares had leapt over them, and had disappeared also. Not a partridge had shown itself on the estate; and the pheasants for miles round had fallen a prey to poachers.

All this seemed strange and disappointing; but might possibly be true; so the owner of the "magnificent estate in Lower Normandy" consoled himself with the reflection that, at least, his gardener was a paragon of skill and honesty, and his gamekeeper the most trustworthy fellow in the world.

Meantime, everything served upon the table of the retired hosier, from an egg to a haunch of venison, was bought at the market; for all the world as though he were merely the busy tradesman of other days, and not the owner of the fine chateau in Normandy.

It seems that M. X. not unfrequently amused himself by purchasing, at the Central Market, the fruit, game, &c., which Fate had denied him the pleasure of receiving "per rail," from his own domain. A few days ago, M. X. visited the market, and stopped at the stall of a dealer in game, of whom he demanded a hare and a brace of partridges.

"You are just in time," replied the poulterer, "I have several hampers of game this morning received; you see they are being unpacked here behind my stand."

What was the astonishment of M. X. on looking in the direction pointed out by the poulterer, to perceive his gamekeeper in the act of emptying out the last contents of an enormous hamper of game, in exchange for a pile of bright, golden twenty-franc pieces, which he proceeded to drop, one by one, into a great leather purse. As he replaced this purse in his pocket, the fellow caught sight of his master, whose eyes were fixed in speechless indignation on the paragon of gamekeepers who, to that master's last pathetic request for "just one dish of game from V——, were it but a single partridge," had not scrupled to reply that not a single bird could be found on the estate, the weasels having destroyed all the young broods before they were well out of the shell."

Seeing himself discovered, and not at all disconcerted by the discovery, Maitre Robert merely remarked to his master, "Jacques is now in the vegetable market, where he is selling a cartload of eggs, cheeses, vegetables, and fruit. He must be about ready to return home, and monsieur will no doubt judge it best for me to go in search of him, as we go home together."

"Why, you impudent rascal, do you suppose you are to be let off so easily?" thundered the hosier, whose exasperation was now at its height. "I dismiss you from my service on the spot; and shall now give you into the hands of the police, to whom you will have to account for your infamous dishonesty."

"Monsieur will probably change his mind when he learns whose orders Jacques and I have been obeying," returned the man, who seemed to be struggling with an inclination to laugh, by no means calculated to appease the irritation of his master. "Let monsieur remember the price of the cashmere which monsieur refused to buy for madame last autumn; and he will understand why madame has ordered us to sell every bit of game, every fruit and vegetable—in short, everything the gardens can be made to produce."

"And what amount has already been made in this way?" inquired the hosier, with a sudden conviction of the hopelessness of his attempts to control the caprices of his pretty wife.

"About four thousand francs," returned the domestic; "but as Madame is in want of a mantle at two thousand francs, a muff at sixteen hundred, and probably various other little matters besides, she has ordered us to take the utmost care of the preserves and the gardens, so as to insure a similar sum next year."

Of the nature of the interview between M. X. and his wife, on the return of the former to his grand apartment in the Rue de la Victoire, authentic details are wanting; but judging from the present splendor of the toilette of Madame X., and the abundant supply of fruit and game at the table of the owner of the Chateau of V——, which delicacies he proudly informs his guests are furnished from his own grounds and his own gardens, it is inferred that mutual concessions have re-established harmony between the owner of the estate in Normandy, and the pretty wife who has proved so conclusively the uselessness of his endeavors to thwart her desires in the vital affair of her toilette.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the renowned lady traveller, who had visited so large a portion of the earth's surface, pushing her venturous way among all manner of semi-barbarous people, many of whom had never before seen a white face, has just expired at her brother's residence in Germany, whither she had retired for repose. How great a contrast between the life of our modern fine ladies and that of this heroic traveller, visiting, unattended, the wildest regions of our planet, led on by her thirst for information regarding the obscure parts of our little domain, welcomed in the huts of the wandering tribes of Asia, and of the half-naked Africans, returning at long intervals to Europe, where she has always been received with open arms by the various Geographical Societies, and literally wearing herself out with the fatigues and privations endured by her in the pursuit of geographical and ethnological knowledge! Her decease will be a subject of regret to all who are interested in these branches of research, and especially to the members of the various learned societies who had enrolled her among their honorary members.

QUANTUM.

A MOST PERFECT WIFE.

A courage to endure and to obey—
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crowned Isabel, through all her placid life,
The queen of marriage—a most perfect wife.
—*Tennyson.*

☞ Scene: The crowded deck of an American packet from California.

Californian to the skipper—"I should like a sleeping berth neow, if you please."

Skipper—"Why, where have you been sleeping for the last two weeks, since we left port?"

Californian—"Wal, I've been sleeping on the top of a sick man, but he's got better now, and he says I've got to move my boots!"

☞ A good newspaper is like a sensible and sound-hearted friend, whose appearance on one's threshold gladdens the mind with the promise of a pleasant and profitable hour. A bad newspaper is just the reverse.

At church, Joe says, his manly heart
With true devotion swells,
Disproving that—as some assert—
He's led there by the *belles*.
While Jane, the happiest of coquettes,
Whose eye no sorrow dims,
Most piously employs the time
In looking for the *Alms*.
—*Boston Post.*

☞ "We are all mortal," said a preacher, in the time of Louis XIV., but suddenly catching sight of one of the courtiers, seated just behind the king, and perceiving on his countenance the marks of how very audacious he thought the proposition—the orator paused, and altered his sentence, repeating it thus:—"We are all mortal, that is, *almost* all of us are so!"

☞ Howard Paul, in "Patchwork," speaks of a man whose ill-luck was so proverbial, that if he had fallen upon his back he would have broken his nose.

☞ Angels, in the grave, will not question thee as to the amount of wealth thou hast left behind thee; but what good deeds thou hast done, while in the world, to entitle thee to a seat among the blest!—*The Koran.*

THE CASE OF THE SLAVER ECHO BEFORE A SOUTH CAROLINA GRAND JURY.—COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 27.—The U. S. Circuit Court met to-day—Judges Wayne, of Washington, and M'Gray, of South Carolina, presiding.

Charges to the Grand Jury were delivered by both Judges, strongly impressing upon the members of the jury the duty of impartially discharging their oaths of office, and while avoiding unfounded accusations, to suffer no personal sentiments or private feeling to deter them from presenting for investigation every case where reasonable evidence of guilt exists. These charges, it is understood, were designed to meet the efforts by certain parties to induce the Grand Jury to refuse to bring in a bill against the mate and crew of the slaver Echo. Some delay occurred through the difficulty of getting a full jury together. The probability is that the action of the Grand Jury will be made on Monday.

THE VOTE IN ILLINOIS.—At the recent election in Illinois the vote was 252,172. The highest vote ever polled previously was in 1856, at the Presidential election, when it reached 238,783. The administration vote was 5,021. The totals of the vote for Treasurer were as follows:

Miller, Republican, - -	125,462
Fondey, Democrat, - -	121,889
Dougherty, Administration, -	5,021
Miller over Fondley, - -	3,573

The total vote for Congress stands as follows:—Democratic, 121,044; Republican, 124,917; Administration, 4,079. Republican plurality, 3,833.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 177—Adults 86, and children 91.

PROFESSOR MORSE has received in Paris the first instalment of the testimonial of the ten European powers. The amount received by Mr. Morse is 100,000 francs, about $20,000.

A YOUNG English journalist, named E. J. Dickens, said to claim a relationship to Charles Dickens, committed suicide in Jersey city, on Tuesday evening.

OCONTO.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oconto is situated at the mouth of Oconto river, thirty-five miles north from Green Bay, on the east side of the bay. There is a population of about one thousand inhabitants. The principle business is lumbering and fishing, both carried on very extensively. There are at Oconto, four steam saw-mills and two water mills, that find employment on an average for from thirty to sixty men; and these mills cut from twenty to forty thousand feet of lumber every twelve hours. The market for this lumber is Milwaukie and Chicago, and other ports on Lake Michigan. We have also a very good farming country. I think there are great inducements to capitalists—also to those of limited means, as the country has just commenced settling with farmers. There will, in all probability, be for many years a home market for all produce that can be raised, and it bring a higher price than in any other part of the State, on account of the amount of lumbering that is done here. There is not any trouble in getting to our country, as there are two steamers that run between Green Bay and Menominee, touching at this place.

Very respectfully yours,

W. L. NEWTON.

LAWS, CUSTOMS &c., IN CALIFORNIA.

Among the things which attract people to a new country, the laws in relation to husband and wife, debtor and creditor, form items of interest. To encourage people to build up homes and be at rest, the Legislature has enacted a liberal homestead law. If the family owns the property they live in, it cannot be taken in execution for debt, unless it be worth over $5,000, in which case that sum must be paid over to the insolvent. In other words, the law allows the family and the insolvent to retain a homestead to the value of $5,000. But it must have been acquired when the owner was solvent. The wife need not sign deeds, except for the transfer of the homestead, or for property exclusively her own. She has no right of dower. She may hold estate given before marriage or after, but she must file on record, a statement that she holds it free from liability for her husband's debts. Deeds of estate to her must mention that the rents and profits are for her sole use. Else creditors of the husband (who has the wife's rents for life, unless expressly otherwise declared,) may seize his life interest. In case of abuse of trust, the wife may obtain from Court an order for a trustee to regulate her husband. Divorce is facile in California. Absence for two years, or any fair show of cause, obtains release for the wife; the husband has a more difficult undertaking.

Insolvents apply to the court, with a sworn schedule of their liabilities and their assets, accompanied with a fair and clear account of the causes that led to insolvency. The court grants an order for a meeting of creditors in thirty days, and to receive objections in writing; meantime, all officials are ordered to abstain from suits and execution of process against the insolvent. If not opposed, the applicant obtains on that day a full release forever of all debts in his schedule. Should he be opposed, his case goes to a jury. Fraudulent means, if detected, incapacitates the insolvent from ever holding offices of trust or profit. Fiduciary debts are not released. *Attachment Law.*—Any creditor may attach property of his debtor if he make oath that he has cause to fear fraud, by absconding or otherwise, or that he is non-resident. The debtor has the right to select whatever property the sheriff deems sufficient and be released of the lien on the rest. But the creditor must give bonds against damages that may accrue, not exceeding the amount of his claim. If an action for damages on a contract be had in another State, suit will not lie here. On a contract in writing, suit must be brought within four years, but the defendant must have, during the four years, been in the State. Two years limit a contract not in writing. All contracts for rent or the use of money are for thirty days or less, and notes and bonds usually call for compounding the interest, when not paid the day it is due. Business obligations of every kind run only from steamer to steamer day, viz.: fifteen days, as a general usage. The press of business at those periods is such that a great many stay up all night previously to the sailing of the semi-monthly steamer.

Confidence is not the thing in California. The little that has ever been accorded has proved disastrous to all parties, and now the ideas, "my friend is good for all he pays cash for." Either coin or something to prove it will appear on steamer day, must be given in exchange for merchandize. A deal of speculative purchases are made in efforts to bare the market of particular articles. It is usual then to deposit money enough to cover the profits of the seller, who agrees to hold the goods for a short, specific time, to be delivered as paid for. It has come to pretty much, "here's my goods, where's your money?" It would seem that, if your consignees are honest, there is little risk of sending goods here. Your ship may arrive on a glutted market. In this case the law generally proves sound, "hold on and you'll get compound interest." With every description of merchandize, (coal included,) there come periods of scarcity, and watching those periods is the business of quite a multitude of keen-eyed fellows, each having an eye on the peculiar article best known to him, and, like the spider, he watches long for a fly, but when he gets a chance, he revels in the speculative catch; too often with so great an appetite for such big profits that he balks his market and sinks under the recoil.

The high interest for money, enormous rents, and costs of handling, eat into the profits; so that, with the great cost of living, everybody seems to fear he will lose by not asking the very highest price his customer might possibly have stood. Our barber pays, for his three-story building on Montgomery street, $350 a month, ($4,200 per annum,) reduced, lately, from $1,1000 per month. He can't shave you under 25 cents, nor sell you a 6d. cake of soap under the same figure. A single cigar is a shilling, but you are sure of such a puffer as you scarce find elsewhere; cigars of any less quality than No. 1 would be unsaleable in California. A very small tumbler of lager (one-fourth of a Philadelphia drink) is a shilling. People take smaller drinks of liquor at a time, but the times multiply. Intoxication is rarely observed, though elevation is not unusual. It is the custom of the country to shell out, in outside expenditures, with a free hand. Everybody treats all hands. Unless in case of being "dried up," one does not see such a thing as shirking the treat. There may be hard enough cases about, but, during four months' observation, we have not come across a trace of meanness anywhere. If there is a well-marked trait in the character of the people of California, it is open-handedness; and this will doubtless descend to their generations.—*Correspondence of Philada. Ledger.*

ANECDOTE OF THE "PRINCESS."—When Piccolomini was in Florence, singing Lucrezia, she was very successful till in the great duo of the second act, where, threatening Alfonzo, she exclaims, "Remember, you are my fourth husband." A wag in the gallery, struck with the incongruity between her childish appearance and the mighty words, called out, "How old were you when you married the first?" Piccolomini and the audience together burst into hearty laughter.

NEWS ITEMS.

AN amusing and painful incident recently took place in Cincinnati. Two gentlemen afflicted with St. Vitus dance met, and each, supposing the other to be mocking the other, a fight ensued of the most desperate character. Finally, a mutual acquaintance found them struggling in the gutter, and succeeded in separating them, and making known their mutual mistake, when they shook hands and apologized to each other.

INDIANA.—The State Senate has passed a resolution, by a vote of 26 to 22, declaring the election of Messrs. Bright and Fitch to the U. S. Senate to be illegal, unconstitutional and void. The resolution has also been passed by a vote of 51 yeas to 45 nays in the House.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—By advices to the 14th of October, it has been ascertained that the commander of the United States sloop-of-war Dale was informed by the commander of the British steamer Conflict, that the latter had captured three slavers on the African coast, and that the entire British squadron during the last six months had captured nine.

THE Hon. T. L. Harris, member of Congress elect from the Sixth District of Illinois, died on the 24th, of consumption. He was the Anti-Lecompton leader in the House last session.

TALL WAGES.—A sudden rise in the Alabama river has forced steamboat captains to pay $85 per month for deck hands.

GETTING TIGHT.—The North river is said to be frozen over near Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

GRAPHIC.—A Cincinnati (Ohio) reporter, describing a very elegant female pickpocket, says, "She rarely speaks to any one, is always quiet, gentle, smiling and genteel; comes like a sunbeam, and, like it, *steals* noiselessly away."

THE Salem (N. J.) Standard gives "notice that application will be made to the next Legislature of New Jersey for a supplement to the election law regulating the price of votes in the county of Salem."

ISAAC J. WOODS, alias "Yates & Co.," has been convicted in Pittsburg of policy dealing and selling lottery tickets. He has been selling tickets for two years for a bogus lottery called the "Columbia College Lottery," and has accumulated over $50,000 by his swindling operations.

AN AMERICAN AWARDED A PRIZE IN ENGLAND.—Professor S. S. Haldeman, of Columbia, Pa., has been awarded $250 by Sir Wm. C. Trevelyan, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, for an essay on a reform of English orthography, for which he offered prizes about a year ago, open to British and American competition. There were eighteen contestants, four of whom were awarded $50 each. Prof. H. is to receive an additional $250 in case he extends and publishes his essay.

HON. BENJ. F. BUTLER, of New York, died recently in France, aged 63. He was Attorney General of the United States under Presidents Jackson and Van Buren.

IT is gravely proposed by a correspondent of the Melbourne *Argus* to explore the interior of the vast continent of Australia by means of balloons.

THE real sea-serpent has been discovered by a Dutch sea captain. He states that while sailing in the South Atlantic ocean on the 29th of June last, a frightful sea monster, ninety feet long and from twenty-five to thirty feet round, came with such force against the ship as to cause her to tremble all over. It kept up with the vessel for nine days, but was at length got rid of by firing more than one hundred muskets, and thrusting a harpoon and a long iron bar into his body.

A GENTLEMAN in the habit of entertaining, very often, a circle of friends, observed that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked, and determining to cure him upon a repetition of the offence, said: "For what we are about to receive, and for what James Taylor has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful." The effect may be imagined.

MRS. CATHERINE TILDEN, wife of Mr. Daniel Jones, of Glenmore, Kent county, Md., died very suddenly recently, aged 54. She arose in the morning in her usual health, and before starting for Sabbath-school retired to her private room for her morning devotion, and there, upon her bended knees, she ceased to pray and live!

DEBTS IN CHINA.—Every man in China must pay his debts at the beginning of the year, and also at the time of a religious festival about the middle of the year. If unable to settle at these times, his business stops until his debts are paid. Wonder how such a just observance might suit the United States?

THE last advices from the Fraser river gold diggings are more satisfactory. The last shipment of the dust to California was nine hundred ounces.

LETTERS from Rome, state that the Pope "has resolved to modify the existing regulations relative to the baptism of Jewish children."

A VICTIM OF THE OHIO LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY.—A German citizen of Cincinnati, by close economy, dogged energy and industry, accumulated quite a little fortune, that in an evil hour he deposited with the Trust Company. When that institution went down he lost his all. In one day the gathered labor of years disappeared, and the poor man looked on his family as beggared. This was too much for his reason. It gave way, and in a few weeks he was removed to the lunatic asylum at Dayton. There, within the last few days, he died.

MR. KINGSBURY has obtained a verdict of $223.22 against the Montreal Telegraph Company, for neglecting to forward a message accepting an offer of eighty cents per bushel for 2,012 bushels of rye. The sale was lost by the neglect, and the price soon after fell to sixty cents.

A BILL has been reported in the North Carolina Legislature, to remove the free colored population from the State.

A DISSOLUTE white man was recently sold in Louisville, in front of the court-house, under the Vagrant Act, for $1.

THE anniversary of Evacuation Day in New York, was duly celebrated there by a military parade, in the course of which General Paez, of Venezula, while reviewing the troops, was badly injured by his horse slipping down on the smooth Russ pavement.

A LETTER from KANSAS, in the Chicago Congregational Herald, says:—"As an illustration of the quiet reigning in Kansas since the vexed question was settled, I may mention that Gen. Pomeroy and Dr. Stringfellow sat upon the same bench and received the sacrament together." The fact might also be cited as illustrating the extreme liberality of the church organizations in Kansas.

THE St. George's Chess Club, of London, have resolved that Mr. Staunton shall either fight Mr. Morphy, in accordance with the latter's challenge, or shall resign his pretensions to the Chess Championship of England—an honor which he has hitherto held, but which he can now no longer claim.

A VOLCANO IN CANADA.—The Pembroke Observer has the following:—The Rev. Mr. Roy, Wesleyan Minister at Wakefield, in a letter to a brother clergyman, says, "I learn from an authentic source that we have what is supposed to be a bona fide volcano, about 120 miles up the Gatineau river. Parties living near the place have seen a smoke, and its internal rumblings have been heard and felt at the Hudson's Bay post, at the river Desert, which is thirty miles distant. It is called Mount Diable. This may probably account for the many shocks of earthquake felt in the vicinity.

MR. RAREY, the horse-tamer, is at Stockholm. He has tamed several violent horses there in the presence of the Prince Royal, and his Royal Highness presented him with a gold medal. Mr. Rarey is about to proceed to St. Petersburg.

IN BOSTON, last week, a son drove his father and younger brother from the house. The father immediately obtained the aid of the police, who were compelled to break down the door to arrest the culprit—and even then his mother took his part. He was, however, lodged in jail, where he deserves to remain.

THE testimonial which the chess gentlemen of the country propose to present to Paul Morphy, is both original and elegant—a set of gold and silver chessmen, elaborately wrought, mounted on Cornelian pedestals, and accompanied with a richly inlaid chess-board. In addition to this, should the fund warrant it, a commemorative medal will be struck, of which Mr. Morphy will receive a copy in gold, and each subscriber to the fund to the amount of $5, a copy in bronze.

OBERLIN COLLEGE, Ohio, has at present 1,249 students, of whom 513 are females.

RECOVERY OF BOGUS MONEY.—Two New York detectives, on Wednesday last, found in the office of a well known broker in that city, nearly $200,000 worth of bills on the bogus "Warbeck Bank." The broker, it appears, had made a small advance on the bills to the President of the concern. The bills will be destroyed.

A LETTER from Macon (in Galignani) mentions that the estate of Milly, belonging to M. de Lamartine, has been sold to a landed proprietor at Bordeaux for 675,000 francs. The surveyors and appraisers of Macon had valued it at 750,000 francs. The estate is large, and the vineyards extensive, but the house is small and inconvenient. It is understood that, after taking farewell of his Paris friends, the ruined poet and politician, who bitterly feels the cold comfort to which he has been treated by his countrymen, will cross the Channel, and reside henceforth in England.

THE honors paid at the tomb of Cavaignac, at Paris, on the 1st, were so general as to amount to a political demonstration.

LAW LATIN ABOLISHED.—A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Georgia, to prevent the use of any Latin phrase in any of the Legislative acts of that State.

A NEW EL DORADO.—The Santa Fe (N. M.) Gazette says:—"Major Stein, lately from Sonora, expresses the opinion that Sonora is more prolific of gold and silver than California; and, if a Territory of the United States, would yield ten million dollars annually. He says he has seen single lumps of gold taken from the mines there worth from $3,000 to $5,000. He likewise informed us that he had seen a 'cord of silver' in bars, and all mined without machinery."

NARROW ESCAPE.—Mr. Bushnell Fessenden, of Jamaica, Vt., on Wednesday night of last week fell down a precipice while crossing "Turkey Mountain," and lay disabled till Sunday noon, when he was found, more dead than alive, by some boys who were looking for cattle. No bones were broken, and he will survive.

HANDSOME DONATION.—Rev. M. I. P. Knox, of the Presbyterian Church, at Newtown, Long Island, had a donation visit, last week, that amounted to something. His parish friends left him a thousand dollars better than they found him, eight hundred and eighty-five of which was in solid cash.

A STORY SPOILED.—The statement that Senator Pearce, of Maryland, was the Senator who won $180,000 at a gambling house last winter, at Washington, has called out a letter from Ex-Governor Corwin, in which he says he knows Mr. Pearce well, and the statement cannot be true, for he is "not that style of man."

MISS SARAH M. KELLOGG, a giantess, is exhibiting herself at Louisville, Ky. Though but sixteen years old, she is seven feet two inches high, and large in proportion.

IT is said that two hundred of the convicts at Jeffersonville, Indiana, will be idle during the winter for want of room in the yard and shops to work them.

DANGEROUS SPEED.—The Express train from Buffalo, New York, ran to Rochester, a distance of 70 miles, in one hour and 25½ minutes, including three stops on the way, on Friday morning last. This was at the rate of one minute and 13 seconds per mile, without deducting for stoppages!

HOGS.—The editor of the Louisville and Cincinnati Prices Current are at variance about the hog crop, the Cincinnati editor contending for a large crop and low prices, and the Louisville editor assuming the contrary position.

SINGULAR IF TRUE.—A few days since a couple of young men at Rock Island were out sailing on the Mississippi river, and accidentally lost a brass key, to which was attached a small iron ring. The key opened a vault, and the young men were in tribulation at its loss. At last they hit upon a novel expedient to recover it. They procured a powerful magnet, attached it to a string, and threw it into the river where they had lost the key. In about ten minutes the magnet was brought to the surface, with the key attached.

THE Pope has thrown British and Roman sportsmen into despair by decreeing that there shall be no more fox hunting in Rome.

THE Paris Journal des Debats notices Mr. Bright's Birmingham speeches. Mr. Bright, it says, is at once one of the most eloquent men in England, and one of those least capable of comprehending and guiding his country.

A PENALTY OF DEMOCRACY.—John Hatton Annesley, Esq., of Moreland Lodge, Hants, has recently died childless. Had he died intestate, his heir-at-law would have been his nephew, Mr. Ernest Jones, the well-known Chartist leader; but so great was the animosity he entertained for Mr. Jones, on account of the Democratic principles of the latter, that he has left his entire property (reserving a life interest for his widow) to utter strangers, thus cutting Mr. Jones off from a fine fortune, which, by every ordinary and customary course, would have come into his hands.

IT is authoritatively stated that Napoleon III. is taking steps to carry into execution a favorite plan of Napoleon I., for laying up stores of corn, after the manner of the Pharoahs, in every large town, during plentiful years, in order to provide against years of scarcity. The protectionists like this plan, which they think will secure them altogether against foreign importations.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—While several States have made strenuous efforts of late years, to abolish capital punishment altogether, the Legislature of Georgia is now endeavoring to extend this penalty to other crimes than murder and arson. Two bills have been introduced, with a view to make both night burglary and robbery by force capital offences; but each has failed in the Senate. They have, however, been amended so as to make the punishment twenty years in the penitentiary, at the discretion of the court.

IN the Lunatic Asylum at Zurich, Switzerland, there are twenty-five lunatics who are the victims of table-turning and spirit-rapping!

SUICIDES IN NOVEMBER.—The popular notion that more suicides are committed in the month of November than at any other period of the year, is founded on erroneous data. Taking the average number of suicides in each month, from the years 1817 to 1826, it was as follows: January, 213; February, 218; March, 275; April, 374; May, 328; June, 336; July, 301; August, 296; September, 246; October, 198; November, 131; December, 217. Total, 3,133. It has been clearly established that in all the European capitals, where anything like correct data can be obtained, the *maximum* of suicides is in the months of June and July, and the minimum in October and *November*. It appears, from this, that the disposition has most to do with high temperature; for it has been proved that when the thermometer of Fahrenheit ranges from eighty to ninety degrees, suicide becomes more prevalent.—*Dr. Forbes Winslow.*

☞ AN INTELLECTUAL FEE.—A read herring.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE SLAVE TRADE—LORD DERBY'S SPEECH—EUROPE, &c., &c., &c.

The Africa brings advices to the 13th ult.

A serious insurrection is reported as having occurred in Asiatic Turkey.

A telegraphic despatch from Madrid says that the Mexican difficulty must be settled in a manner suitable to the dignity of Spain. Hostilities are anticipated.

At the Lord Mayor of London's banquet, the Earl of Derby and other members of the Cabinet spoke. They avoided committing themselves, but promised that the forthcoming measures should be comprehensive and national in their character.

The details of the Japan treaty have been published. Great Britain is to have a diplomatic agent at Jeddo, and Japan one at London.

The Prince of Wales has been gazetted as a colonel in the army.

The "Indian Empire," three weeks out from New York for Galway, had not been heard of at Liverpool when our despatch closed.

Ex-Electrician Whitehouse, in a letter to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, says his recent experiments conclusively demonstrate that the system of testing the cable, hitherto adopted, is fallacious. He believes the fault in the cable is not far from the shore, and reiterates the conviction that it may be profitably worked.

Le Nord says that the English Government consents to France engaging Indian Coolies for Colonial laborers.

The report that a reduction was about being made in the French Army caused a buoyancy on the London Exchange.

Montalembert's trial had been fixed for the 17th inst. The French papers are not permitted to publish the proceedings.

The Bank of France lost twenty-three millions of francs, in specie, during the month.

The preliminary elections at Berlin resulted entirely in favor of the new ministry.

The submarine Telegraph Cable between Dover and Calais was again in working order.

Meetings in aid of the new reform movement in Parliament representation, continued to be held in various parts of England.

The Emperor Napoleon had returned the compliment recently paid him by Queen Victoria, having forwarded her a twelve pound howitzer invented by himself. The piece bears the name "Alliance."

Business at Canton was dull. Teas were firm. A large business had been done at Shanghai on American account in green teas, at full prices.

It is stated that the leading Reformers both in and out of Parliament have determined to initiate forthwith a great movement, to be vigorously carried on, till the meeting of Parliament, for a thorough Liberal Reform in the representation of the country. The basis on which the agitation will rest will be that indicated in Mr. Bright's recent speeches at Birmingham. An extension of the franchise, the protection of voters in the exercise of the electoral right, the shortening of the duration of Parliaments, and the re-distribution of the electoral districts, will be the most prominent features in the programme of the forthcoming movement.

The Daily News, taking for granted that the inquiry into the French "free immigration" scheme is tantamount to the abandonment of that "disgnised African slave trade," compliments the Emperor on "the habitual sagacity" he has manifested in giving up a project which has already led him into serious embarrassments, and which was destined to lead him into more.

Napoleon's funeral car, used at St. Helena, was formally presented to France by Sir John Burgoyne. Prince Napoleon, in receiving it, said he regarded it as a testimony of Queen Victoria's desire to efface the poignant remembrances of St. Helena, and an additional pledge of a cordial alliance.

Nearly a quarter of a million of Australian gold has arrived by the Lincolnshire from Australia, and more is expected.

The French funds are again improving, a better feeling having been produced by the Emperor's evident desire to get rid of the slavery question, which threatened such serious complications.

The Wildflower, from China, brings 563,000 lbs. of tea.

The Times, in a leader on Japan, is inclined to think the importance of the Japanese trade overrated, and hopes our merchants will not fall into the old error of making unreasonable consignments.

From Spain the news is that the expedition against Riff is on the point of starting. It consists of eight steam vessels. No advance will be made into the interior, but the coast will be attacked, and all suspected ships destroyed.

Denmark has abrogated the Constitution of Holstein.

There is no news of the slightest importance from India. Lord Elgin awaited at Shanghai the Commissionary for arranging the tariff, &c., who were expected from Pekin in the beginning of October. All quiet at Canton, and trade recommencing. The Chinese are returning to Hong Kong.

The Dutch expedition against Jambi has been successful. The landing took place on the 6th September, and Jambi is in possession of the Dutch. The loss of the natives was considerable; on the side of the Dutch four killed and thirty-four wounded.

Jambi, against which the Dutch are operating, is one of the native states of Sumatra, next to Borneo, the largest island in the Eastern Seas. The town of Jambi, which extends over three-quarters of a mile on the banks of the river of the same name, has only between 3,000 and 4,000 inhabitants.

The French and Spanish forces have landed at Touran, a port of Cochin China. The place was taken without the loss of a single man. The bay and river of Touran are held in a state of effective blockade by the forces under Admiral de Genouilly from the 1st of September.

The last despatches from China announce that Admiral Reganlt, after having taken possession of the establisments at Turanne, had immediately marched to the city of Hue, which is the capital of Cochin China, and of the entire empire of Annam.

The details of the taking of Turanne show that the gunboats destroyed five forts in half an hour. Turanne had been declared French territory.

The London Times says: According to a statement received from Spain, the Spanish Government seems likely to order their fleet at Cuba to proceed at once to demand satisfaction from Mexico, in the matter in dispute between the two countries. Probably the countenance of the French Government, who are likewise reported to have sent additional ships of war to that point, is relied upon in this movement; while it is also known that England has serious demands to urge, which will cause her to insist upon a redress at least equal to that which may be accorded in other cases. The Spanish fleet, consisting of eight steamers, had sailed from Cadiz, on the 10th November, for Tangiers. It is added that the fleet has orders, after presenting the demands of the Spanish Government upon Mexico, to scour the coast of Africa, and destroy all vessels manned by the Riff Moors, which may be found without regular papers, and treat them as pirates. Accounts from Cadiz state that the second portion of the reinforcements for Cuba was ready to sail at a moment's notice, completing the expedition to a force of 2,100 infantry and 500 marines.

The Mercantile Courier of Genoa contains some details of the visit of the parents of Mortara to Altari, and which ended in their not seeing their child, and being ordered from the town because they had no passports. On their return to Rome the Secretary of State promised that they should see the child. The mother has given an account of this interview. She says he was evidently struggling between fear of the people with whom he lived and his love for his parents, "but the latter at length prevailed, and he declared that he would return home with us. I told him he was born a Jew, and that, like us, he ought to persist in his faith." "Dear mother," he answered, "I repeat the creed of the Jews every day."

Advices from Japan say that the cholera was carrying of a great number of people.

FRANCE.—THE EMPEROR'S LETTER TO PRINCE NAPOLEON.—The Moniteur publishes the following letter, which the Emperor has addressed to his cousin, Prince Napoleon, Minister of Algeria and of the Colonies:—

"St. Cloud, Oct. 30, 1858.

"My Dear Cousin:—I have the liveliest desire that, at the moment when the difference with Portugal relative to the Charles-Georges has terminated, the question of the engagement of free laborers on the African coast should be definitively examined, and finally settled on the truest principles of humanity and justice.

"I energetically claimed from Portugal the restitution of the Charles-Georges, because I will always maintain intact the independence of the national flag; but, in this case even, it was only with the profound conviction of my right that I risked, with the King of Portugal, a rupture of those friendly relations which I am glad to maintain with him.

"But as to the principle of the engagement of the negroes, my ideas are far from being settled. If, in truth, laborers recruited on the African coast are not allowed the exercise of their free will, and if this enrolment is only the slave trade in disguise, I will have it on no terms, for it is not I who will anywhere protect enterprises contrary to progress, to humanity, and to civilization. I beg you, then, to seek out the truth with the zeal and intelligence which you bring to bear on all affairs about which you employ yourself.

"And as the best method of putting a term to what is a continual cause of dispute, would be to substitute the free labor of Indian coolies for that of the negroes, I beg you to come to an understanding with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to resume with the English Government the negotiations which were entered upon a few months ago.

"On this, my dear cousin, I pray God to have you in His holy keeping.

"NAPOLEON."

The Emperor's letter leaves no doubt on the mind as to its real character, and many see in it something like an admission that M. Walewski went too far when he and those whom he inspired, insisted upon the immaculate character of the ship, and legitimate nature of her cargo. The letter is, so far as it goes, a homage to public opinion, which the Minister of Foreign Affairs would do well to imitate occasionally. The Emperor's letter has produced an excellent effect here.

LORD DERBY ON FOREIGN POLITICS.—At the Lord Mayor's dinner, Nov. 9, the Earl of Derby remarked, with reference to foreign politics, "I do not say that complications may not arise, or that differences may not present themselves between different countries, but this I do say, and I say it with the confidence that I am speaking nothing but the bare truth, that all the great Powers of Europe are fully convinced, if not of the sinfulness of war, at all events of the necessary evils attendant upon a state of war, and that the valuable labors of diplomacy are directed, and never were they employed with more success and with more zeal than at the present time, to smooth difficulties, to remove obstacles, and to find in every difference which may occur between various Powers, a peaceable rather than a hostile solution. [Cheers.] He considered the Indian rebellion as in the main put down, and that it would in due course be entirely suppressed, and he hoped the message of peace and mercy which her Majesty was advised to send out upon her accession to the Indian empire—a message to all classes of those who returned to their allegiance—would, in connection with other measures, tend to restore our supremacy and the tranquillity of the country." Reverting to our foreign policy, the Earl expressed his belief that peace will not be disturbed, and that the policy on the part of this country which is best calculated to maintain the peace of the world is in the first place a firm but temperate maintenance of our rights, in the next place a studious and careful recognition of and respect for the rights of others, together with an anxious desire not to interfere unnecessarily with the internal affairs of other States; and also a determination not willingly to give or to take offence, a determination if offence unhappily arises to have reference to the principle which, to its endless honor, was embodied in the protocols of the conference of Paris—namely, to resort, in the first instance, not to hostilities, but to the good offices and the mediation of some friendly Power. Lastly, as the cardinal point of all our foreign policy, the firm and unflinching adherence, in spirit as well as in the letter, to every treaty obligation into which this country may have entered. He must decline taking the bait thrown out by the Lord Mayor to elicit the future intentions of the Government; but he was actively, daily, and assiduously, engaged with his colleagues in considering and maturing the details of those measures of legal, social, financial and political improvement which he hoped by the commencement of the session to be able to submit to the impartial judgment of Parliament. [Cheers.] He could, however, state that they will be couched in a spirit of not endeavoring to serve this or that section of the community, but the whole people; not to legislate for the high or for the low, for the rich or for the poor, but for the well-understood benefit and advantages of all classes. [Cheers.] Mr. Disraeli made no political allusions.

STATISTICS FOR REFORMERS.—A Parliamentary paper was issued in reference to the county franchise. It shows that in England and Wales the number of persons rated at £50 and upwards is 198,000. Those rated at £10 and under £50 number 414,000. A large blue book, just issued, also bears upon the reform question. It shows that the population of all the parishes and parts of parishes not within the limits of Parliamentary boroughs is 10,492,000.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The Fishmongers' Company gave a grand banquet to a distinguished company, including the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Ebury, Sir Charles Bright, and several of the leading merchants of London. The prime warden having proposed the health of Sir C. Bright, the latter, in acknowledging the compliment, said they must not be astonished at this partial failure of the first attempt to carry out telegraphic communications between England and America, or suppose there was *any doubt of the ultimate success of the experiment.* The completion of the system of electric communication throughout the world was, he said, but a question of time.

NEW MAYORS.—The following elections for the civic chair took place yesterday. Liverpool—William Preston. Manchester—Ivie Mackie. Salford—William Harvey. Birmingham—Sir J. Ratcliffe.

FRANCE.—The *Daily News'* Paris correspondent writes:—"I apprehend that the most immediate consequences of the appearance of the imperial letter respecting the slave trade will be a considerable modification in the drafts of the ministerial speeches for the Lord Mayor's dinner. It was probably not without an eye to the coming off of this annual event that the publication of the letter was decided upon."

The *Times'* Paris correspondent writes that the assent of the Emperor to the prosecution of Count Montalembert was obtained with difficulty, and, it is stated, was for some time refused. It is to be regretted that the refusal was not persisted in. The charges in the indictment are very serious, amounting to something like constructive treason. As much as forty francs has been offered for a number of the paper containing the Count's article.

PRUSSIA.—The correspondent of the *Times* says that the authorities very soon undeceived the electors, who thought that they might hold electoral meetings without surveillance; and notices have been issued intimating that no assemblage of persons is legal which has not received a permit from the central police office. This office has the right of stationing one of its officials to hear and report what is said. Assemblages of electors form no exception to this law. A Berlin letter speaks hopefully of the prospect of Prussia. The nation is thoroughly aroused, and bent on promoting two great Ideas—first, that Prussia should head the nationality of Germany; second, that the alliance with England shall be consolidated and made a political reality. The liberal party are daily gaining influence with the Regent.

HOLLAND.—Slavery is about to be abolished in earnest by the Dutch. A bill has just been brought before the States of the Hague for emancipation in Surinam and Curacoa. The first colony is to get 11,000,000 of florins, the second 3. Slaves are estimated for indemnity according to the following tariff: A negro on a sugar plantation, 375 florins; on a cocoa do., 260 florins; and on a cotton or rice do., 200 florins. There are 37,740 slaves in Surinam, and 9,000 in Curacoa.

RUSSIA.—The Emperor Alexander has enfranchised the inhabitants of two villages who had been attached to the land as serfs of the admirally since the time of Peter the Great, and were forced to work as carpenters. The Russian *Gazette* of St. Petersburg gives an account of the election of municipal councillors by the people of these two villages.

The Emperor Alexander has addressed the nobility at Moscow, or rather the nobility at the whole Empire, in grave and severe terms, on the apathy they have displayed in reference to the abolition of serfdom. A deputation of the nobility of Moscow having been introduced to the Czar in the Kremlin, he said that it was impossible to thank them for their co-operation. They had neither been the first, nor the second, nor the third, to answer to his appeal. This had grieved him profoundly. The eyes of Russia were, he said, fixed on Moscow. He asked them to give him the opportunity of defending them. "I am," he said, "attached to the nobility; but I desire the general good."

A letter from St. Petersburg says it is evident that the nobility silently oppose the wishes of the Emperor. The people of Russia have an unbounded confidence in the Czar.—This alone prevents a terrible outbreak.

TURKEY.—Official advices from Constantinople state that the funds hitherto received by the Turkish Government, on account of the recent loan, have been employed in redemption of proportionate amounts of the paper currency, which will be duly burnt from time to time.

A permanent corps has been formed at Melbourne, for the purpose of producing a series of operas, and on the 13th of September the first (*Maritana*) was given with much success.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 12—Noon.—Sales of Cotton to-day, 10,000 bales, the market closing steady. Richardson, Spence & Co., report a decline on inferior qualities.

The Manchester advices are favorable, the market closing firmer.

LONDON, Nov. 12—Noon.—Consols are quoted at 98@98¼.

BREADSTUFFS.—Richardson, Spence & Co., quote flour very dull at a decline of 6d. Wheat dull, with a decline on inferior qualities. Corn very dull, and quotations nominal. In European corn there was a decline of qualities. Messrs. Wakefield & Nash report Breadstuffs dull, but steady.

PROVISIONS.—Beef heavy, with but little inquiry and prices weak. Pork heavy. Bacon also heavy, prices being easier, but unchanged. Lard heavy, with a decline for all qualities; 54s. for prime.

PRODUCE.—Sugar quiet. Coffee quiet. Rice steady. Rosin steady at 3s. 10d.@4s. for common. Spirits turpentine steady at 40s. Linseed oil, 30s.@30s. 6d.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—Breadstuffs steady. Sugar quiet. Coffee steady. Tea has declined 1d@1d; sales of Congous at 1s 10½@1s 10¾d. Rice firm.

LIVERPOOL PIG IRON MARKET quiet, with sellers asking 54s., cash, and buyers 53s. 6d. No business done.

SCOTCH PIG IRON.—Messrs. William F. Sim & Co.'s circular says:—"Our markets for warrants closes at 53s. 6d. to 53s. 9d., cash. Price this time last year 52s. Shipments from Glasgow last week 8,745; ditto corresponding week 1857, 11,738; ditto 1856, 13,415. Total shipments from Glasgow from 1st of January, 1858, to date, 492,230; same period 1857, 461,218; increase, 31,012."

American securities were animated, and all had slightly advanced, except railroads.

A PERFECT WOMAN.

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel-light.

—*Wordsworth.*

☞ We see that there is an agitation to employ women in the business of watch-making, which is said to be beautifully adapted for the delicacy of their pretty little fingers. We highly approve of this employment for female hands; for there is probably not even a surly old bachelor who, having recovered from a long illness, would not be too happy to admit that women (bless them!) are at all times—but more especially in moments of sickness and danger—the very best *watchers* in the world.—*Punch.*

TRUE knowledge leads to love;
True dignity abides with him alone,
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart. —*Wordsworth.*

☞ A little girl was told to spell ferment, and give its meaning, with a sentence in which it was used. The following was literally her answer: "F-e-r-m e-n-t, a verb signifying to work; I love to ferment in the garden."

On, my lord, lie not idle;
The chiefest action for a man of great spirit
Is never to be out of action. We should think.
The soul was never put into the body,
Which has so many rare and curious pieces
Of mathematical motion, to stand still.
Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds;
In the trenches for the soldier; in the wakeful study
For the scholar; in the furrows of the sea
For men of our profession; of all which
Arise and spring up honor. —*Webster*, 1600.

☞ One day at a party where Talleyrand was, Dupont de Nemours harranged on his favorite theme, the language of beasts. A very stupid person undertook to controvert the theory, and when this person left, Talleyrand quietly remarked, "M. Dupont is right—beasts do talk."

☞ Since the utterance of the sad words "Barkis is willing," and he "went out with the tide," nothing has equalled the sad brevity of the announcement "Daniel's in circuit" when the Atlantic cable gave its last pulsation!—*Prentice.*

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—*Collins.*

☞ A PERFECT MAN.—The man deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others, rather than himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven or earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constant while he breathes, and break when he dies.—*Scott.*

☞ Fellows who have no tongues are often all eyes and ears.—*Haliburton.*

THE reason why a bear should seek
A dry goods shop seems puzzling,
And so I'd state that there he'd want
Just nothing else but MUZZLING.

☞ Corn is cleaned with wind, and the soul with chastening.—*George Herbert.*

☞ Good fortune that comes seldom, comes more welcome.—*Dryden.*

☞ Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.—*Wordsworth.*

☞ I have found by experience that they who have spent all their life in cities, contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but of thinking.—*Goldsmith.*

☞ During the very warm weather a party made a sea excursion, and finding the day delightfully cool and pleasant, one of the ladies remarked to the captain that, while the weather continued so hot, she would like to be captain herself very well. He replied in a most gentlemanly manner, that he would not object to her becoming *captain's mate.*

☞ A modern poet makes the remark that "bright things will never die." This is utterly false. A friend of ours, who lately had a bright red head of hair, made an attempt to transform it into a rich brown with the greatest success. It was found to dye beautifully.—*Picayune.*

THE NIAGARA AND HER NEGRO CARGO.—Dr. Rainey, the agent appointed by President Buchanan to take charge of the negroes sent back to Africa, on the Niagara, gives in a letter a deplorable account of them. He says:—

Their condition on leaving the brig Echo was painful and disgusting in the extreme. They had been huddled together closer than cattle, and slept at night in as close contact as spoons when packed together. Privation of every kind, coupled with disease, had reduced all of them to the merest skeletons, and to such a state of destitude and debility, that on entering the fort they could not so much as step over a small beam one foot high, in the doorway, but were compelled to sit on it and balance themselves over. * * * * * *

The Echo took on board 455 at Kabenda, Africa. One hundred and forty-one died on the passage, eight died after the capture, 35 died in Charleston, and 57 have died on board our frigate. We received on board 271; of these, 220 were men and boys, 43 girls and women, and two infants. Consequently, 214 only remain, and many of these, doubtless, will die before we reach the coast. But one woman has died of the whole lot—a fact illustrative of the greater fortitude of the female sex. Yet, their number being smaller, and our nation being gallant in all cases, their treatment has been somewhat better than that of the men.—Thus, 241, or considerably more than half of these poor creatures, have died. * *

They range from eight to eighteen years of age, but about a dozen of them being adults.—Only four are tolerably fine-looking fellows, while there are but about the same number of healthy-looking women. The remainder are young and impressible, as it is, I believe, generally desired that they should be.

They are extremely filthy, and much prefer nudity to dress. We have adopted the plan of having a large hose turned on them twice per week, with strong men at the engine. They appear well enough satisfied with the bath, but cannot, even by the lash, which we are compelled to employ freely, be made to observe any other sanitary or decent habit. It requires a good large crew of men to keep the spar-deck, where they are located, clean. When clothing was put on them in Charleston, of which the negro slaves in the city contributed several dray loads, they immediately tore it off, and rolled it in the sand and basked in the sun.

I know but few cases in which they manifest any sympathy for one another, except to help scratch each other's backs. They give no attention or sympathy whatsoever to the sick and dying. When one is dead, the body may lie for hours among them in immediate contact, yet unnoticed. But as soon the soul has fled they steal the blanket of the deceased, and most unceremoniously proceed to appropriate his bread spoon and bag. During the process of burial, they never manifest the slightest concern. A more stolid, brutalized, pitiable set of beings, I never beheld.

All of them take medicine without a word of objection, yet whenever one sickens he is almost certain to die. We found them with scurvy, diarrhœa and opthalmia, and relieved very much of the former and latter. They now have also catarrh, influenza, scurvy, and chronic diarrhœa. It is wholly impossible to intelligently diagnose their symptoms, or to provide for them as one would wish. We have given them all the aid that money liberally expended and directed by intelligent Christian sympathies could dictate. But they are a set of poor, miserable beings, who will probably soon relapse into their old state.

The negroes are to be delivered in Africa to the American Colonization Society, with which the President has contracted for their protection, education and support for one year.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—We learn from the files of California papers received by the Quaker City that the total shipments of gold from San Francisco, during the month of October, reached four millions, twenty-seven thousand, five hundred and twelve dollars ($4,027,512.) The shipment by the steamer of the 5th for Panama was the largest for many months.

Henry M. Nagle, the Receiver appointed in the affairs of the suspended Express firm of Adams & Co., had made payments among the first eight classes of debtors to the amount of $190,000.

On the new Tehuantepec route mules were only being used for a distance of twenty-five miles.

The annual produce of the quicksilver mines, which the New Almada Company had been forbidden to work, was estimated at ten millions of dollars.

The accounts from the whaling fleet were not regarded as favorable, and freights also ruled at low points.

ARREST OF TWO JEWISH RABBIS FOR SELLING LOTTERY TICKETS.

One of Them Taken from the Synagogue while Teaching—The Officers Resisted by the Jews—Their Horror at the Sacrilege.

Yesterday afternoon, Rabbi Lassin, the leading Rabbi of the Jews in this city, came to the Mayor's office, with one Aaron Friedman, and stated that certain Rabbis were engaged in illegal and immoral practices; that many of his people were poor, and upon investigating the cause, he found that they were largely purchasing lottery tickets of Rabbis, whom he named, and that he was anxious to have the business stopped.

Mr. Friedman then made affidavits, setting forth that for more than a year he has been in the habit of purchasing lottery tickets of Rabbi Abraham Joseph Asch, at 30 and 32 Mott St., and that Asch is agent for Prussian, Saxon, and Hamburg lotteries in this city; and that about three weeks ago he bought a ticket in a lottery of Saxony, which was bogus; also that Rabbi Moses Levi 383 Broom St., is agent for Asch, and has been in the habit of selling tickets for a year or more.

Warrants were issued for the apprehension of the parties, and Sergeant Berney, with a squad of men, made a descent upon Asch, while another squad waited upon Levi. The sergeant found Asch in his synagogue, 78 Allen St., dressed in a white robe and a red cap, standing before a lighted candle, surrounded by some four hundred of his people, to whom he was teaching Hebrew. When the officer made known his errand, the utmost horror and indignation was manifested by the Jews. They exclaimed loudly against the sacrilege of dragging a priest from an altar of the holy temple, and declared that he should not be taken, at the same time rushing forward to his defence. But the officers were too prompt in their movements for the people, and hurrying him out, locked him up in the station house.

They then proceeded to his residence, which they searched. The wife and daughter of the Rabbi having been warned, had turned the furniture upside down, probably destroying the tickets; but some were left, which they tore up and attempted to eat. They were determined that the house should not be searched, and attacked the officers with great spirit. At last a little daughter of the Rabbi ran up to the sergeant, and said:

"Oh, don't hurt my mother, and I will tell you where the tickets are."

"Well," said the sergeant, "where are they?"

"In the synagogue, under the altar."

The sergeant immediately returned to the synagogue. The Jews declared they should not enter, and made a stout resistance, but the officers forced their way in, and searched under the altar, but no tickets were found.—If any had been kept there, they had been removed.

The officers who arrested Levi were also resisted unsuccessfully.

During the night, hundreds of Israelites visited the station house, demanding the release of the prisoners, and exclaiming that it was sacrilege to arrest a Rabbi, who could do no wrong.

The prisoners were this morning taken before the Mayor, whose office was also thronged with Jews. They said it would have been better for the man who had made the complaint had he never been born. The Rabbis were held to bail in the sum of $1,000 each, to answer the charge in the Court of General Sessions.—*N. Y. Post.*

ANECDOTE OF LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEM.—How Mr. Longfellow came to write the poem of Miles Standish's Courtship, is related by a correspondent of the Portland Argus, who writes from Farmington, Franklin county, Maine, as follows:—

"A peculiar story is abroad in this region in relation to the origin of the new poem, Miles Standish. There resides in the northern part of this county a man bearing the title of Miles Standish, being, as is said, a descendant of the "original Miles." A few evenings ago, *report says*, that the editor of a certain sheet was in company and was thus addressed by one of his *lady friends.* 'Mr. ——, I presume you've read the new poem, Miles Standish, by Longfellow?' 'No, I've not,' replied he, 'I've seen it spoken of in the papers, but I can't see why Mr. Longfellow should write about him; there are a dozen more important men in this county than Miles Standish; I don't see how he and Longfellow got acquainted.' 'Oh,' replied a young miss, perceiving his extensive historical knowledge, 'Longfellow was down here two or three years ago, and went up to Dead river fishing; they got acquainted there, and, as Mr. Standish was just married, he told Longfellow about his courtship, and he now has written a poem about it.' 'Well,' replied the editor, 'I must get it; but I can't see what he could say very interesting about the courtship. Whom did Standish marry?' 'Marry,' interposed another voice, 'he married a distant relation of Longfellow's, and that's the reason he wrote this poem.' 'Well, I declare, I must send for it,' replied the *historian*, 'I guess 'tis interesting; being relations so, Longfellow would write as well as possible.'"

A FEAT NOT PERFORMED.—A few evenings ago, a gentleman who placed a high estimate upon his activity, declaring his ability to walk to Alexandria in twenty minutes, to jump over five flour barrels standing in a row, &c., fell into company with an old friend of ours, who is always ready to pay for a sight of wonderful deeds. The usual boasts were made by Mr. Active, and our friend proposed to give him a five dollar gold piece if he would perform the following very simple feat:—A hundred potatoes were to be laid on the pavement at an interval of three feet apart, a basket was to be placed at one end of the line, and Active should start at that end and pick up each potato and drop it in the basket, until he had picked up the whole hundred, in 30 minutes.

Active agreed, and the night was fixed for the job. Quite a number of persons assembled, the potatoes were placed, and Active took a survey of the line; but after a little consideration backed out. The son of a gentleman, a smart, active boy, came along, and asked what was going on. The task was explained, and the offer made to him. He said he was the boy to do it, and started on the job with great confidence of success. After running backward and forward twenty-nine minutes, he was told that he had picked up sixty-nine potatoes. The poor fellow gave up and started for home, where he came near catching a licking for his labor—a very poor reward.—*Wash. Star.*

DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO COMMIT SUICIDE.—One afternoon not long since, a young woman made a desperate attempt to destroy her life by throwing herself before a locomotive on the Reading Railroad, at Frankford avenue. The woman was dragged away by the gatekeeper at that point, just in time to save her from a frightful death. She afterwards made a similar attempt upon her life, and the same man again saved her, although she resisted with so much determination that both herself and her preserver narrowly escaped destruction. She was then brought into the city. She stated that she had been the mistress of a man who had recently got married, leaving her in a destitute condition and with two children. She was rendered desperate by this treatment, and she expressed her determination to destroy herself. It is an illustration of Free Love principles—and how they work in practice.

A BIG spelling match is announced in Covington, Ohio, at the High School, when the lad that stands the longest on the floor, and spells the biggest words without scratching his head, is to receive a fine present.

STATISTICS OF OHIO.—The following are the footings of the tabular statement exhibiting the number and value of domestic animals, carriages, watches and pianos, as returned for taxation by township assessors for the year 1858, with returns of bank capital:

	No.	Value.
Horses,	655,754	$38,450,896
Cattle,	1,717,640	20,836,979
Mules, &c.,	7,300	501,784
Sheep,	3,377,840	4,755,215
Hogs,	2,541,904	6,191,373
Carriages,	284,931	10,251,295
Watches,	81,022	1,647,965
Pianos,	7,692	1,026,800
Value of merchants' stocks,		24,260,000
Investments in manufactures,		9,247,600
Value of moneys at interest,		21,362,000
Value of credits, books of accounts, &c.,		57,626,900
Moneys invested in U. S. Stocks,		630,000
State and Company Bonds and Stocks,		1,915,000
Other personal property subject to taxation, except bank stock,		25,209,000
Total value of all personal property, except bank capital,		223,908,000
Bank capital, incomplete,		5,866,000

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been increased firmness in the Flour market during the past week, the receipts being moderate, and the demand having slightly increased both for export and home consumption. The sales for export reach 5000 bbls at $5@5,25 ₱ bbl for common and better brands; 1900 bbls Western Extra at $5,50; 500 bbls good Penna do at $5,75; 1500 bbls extra family on private terms, and 200 half bbls at $5,50 ₱ bbl. The sales to retailers and bakers range from $5,12½ to $6,75 ₱ bbl for common and fancy. At the close most holders asked $5,12½@5,25 for superfine. Rye Flour is dull, and sells only in a small way at $4 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal has been but little inquired for. Sales of 900 bbls Penna at $3,50@3,37½ ₱ bbl. Buckwheat Meal sells in lots at $2,50.

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for prime lots of Wheat during the past week, but other descriptions have been neglected. At the close, however, there was rather more offering, and prices fell off 2c. Sales of 20,000 bus ranging from $1,20 ₱ bus for inferior, up to $1,30 ₱ bus for prime Red; $1,30 for fair Western White, and $1,35@1,45 ₱ bus for fair and prime Penna and Southern do. Rye comes forward slowly. 4000 bus sold at 76@77c for Penna, and 72@73 for Delaware. The receipts of old Corn have been small, and it is in demand at an advance of 3@4c ₱ bus, while the supplies of new have been in excess of the wants of the trade. Sales of 15,000 bus at 88@90c for old Yellow; 65@72c for new, according to dryness; 73@75c for new White, and 83c for old White. About 10,000 bus Western mixed sold at 78c. Oats are in good request.—17,000 bus sold at 44@44½c for Southern, and 45@46c for Penna, including a cargo of superior Barley Oats at 46½c. and some inferior Virginia and Penna at 41@43c. Barley is dull at 90c, and Barley Malt at $1. In Feed we notice sales of Bran at $1,10, and Middlings at $1,35@1,36 ₱ 100 lbs.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of all kinds are light, and prices, owing to the high rates paid for Hogs at the West, are tending upward, but there is very little doing. Mess Pork has been selling in a small way at $17,75@18, and Prime at $15@15,50 ₱ bbl. City Mess Beef sells as wanted at $15@15,50 ₱ bbl. Bacon is quoted at 9½c for Sides, and 7½c for Shoulders, with further small sales of the former, to go South. Hams sell slowly at 10@12c, as in quality. Of Green Meats there is little or no stock here to operate in, and quotations are nearly nominal. Sales, however, of dry salted Shoulders, city cured, are reported at 6½c. We quote Sides at 8½c, and Hams at 8@8½c ₱ lb. Lard is steady, with small sales at 10½@11c for bbls and tcs, and 11½@12c for kegs. Butter is coming in rather more freely, and Roll is selling at 18@22c, the latter for Prime. Solid is dull at 12@13c, as in quality. Cheese ranges at 6@8c ₱ lb. Eggs are worth 22c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—There has been a good demand, and holders have put up their prices full ½c ₱ lb, which has had the tendency to restrict operations. The sales comprise 1100 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 11½@12½c. cash, for low middling and middling fair quality, and 12@13c for New Orleans.

BARK—There has been a fair demand for Quercitron. The receipts and stocks are very much reduced, and holders are firm. Sales of 60 hhds No 1 at $30 ₱ ton, and 22 hhds second quality do at $26. Chestnut Oak Bark continues to arrive freely, and sells at $10,50@12 ₱ cord. Spanish Oak comes in slowly.

BEESWAX is steady at 32@33c ₱ lb, cash, for good Yellow.

COAL—The prices of all kinds are fully sustained and firm, and the demand, particularly for the smaller sizes of White and Red Ash Coal, is more active for domestic purposes, but the scarcity of vessels limits operations.

COFFEE—An invoice of 1800 bags Laguayra have arrived since our last notice, but the stock of all kinds is very much reduced. Sales of 600 bags Rio, at 10½@11¾c; 550 bags Laguayra at 11½@12c, and 900 bags Triage at 9@9½c ₱ lb, on time.

FEATHERS are more abundant, and price lower. Sales of good Western and Southern at 50c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit continues to arrive freely. Green Apples range from $2 to $4,50 ₱ bbl, according to quality. 100 bags Dried Apples sold at 7@7½c, and 100 sacks Peaches at 10@12c ₱ lb for unpared, and 14@17c for pared. Cranberries are plenty and dull, ranging from $9 to $9,25 ₱ bbl, as in quality.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₱ lb, $2@2,50; Rocky Mt., do. $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin, do. 18@25c; Nutria, do. 35@50c; Raccoon, do. 38@50c.

HEMP—There is little or none in first hands, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES—An import of 3500 Laguayra and Caracas have arrived—the latter of which were disposed of before arrival, at about 20½c ₱ lb, at 6 months.

HOPS continue very dull. Small sales of old at 5@12c and new at 14@16c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues firm. There is considerable inquiry, but at prices generally below the views of holders. Sales of 1000 tons Anthracite, mostly No 1, in lots, at $22@23, 6 months. A sale of Howard Charcoal Iron at $38, 6 months. Scotch Pig is now held at $24, 6 months. A lot of Charcoal Blooms sold at $63@65, 6 months. For Bars and Boiler Iron there is a steady inquiry, without change in prices.

LEAD—The stock in first hands is extremely light, and no further transactions have come under our notice.

LEATHER—Slaughter Leather is scarce, and has advanced fully 1c ₱ lb, and Spanish Sole commands full rates.

LUMBER—There is but little demand for any description. One cargo of Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards sold at $15 ₱ M feet.

MOLASSES—There has been more inquiry, and prices are firmer. Sales of 200 hhds Cuba at 25@30c, and 600 bbls of *new crop* New Orleans, to arrive, at 42@43c, on time.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed has fallen off, and prices are lower. Sales of 2000 bush fair and prime quality at $5,75@5,87½, and $5,50 for inferior, and 500 bags recleaned, to go out of the market, on private terms. Timothy is worth $2@2,12½, and Flaxseed $1,60@1,62 ₱ bush.

SPIRITS—In Brandy and Gin there are no changes to notice. N E Rum commands 37@38c. Whiskey has been in fair demand; sales of 100 bbls Ohio at 24½@25c; 600 bbls Easton at 23½@24c, and hhds at 23@23½c.

SUGAR—There has been an increased demand, and with light supplies and a small stock prices are gradually hardening. Sales of 1600 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 6½@7½c; 700 bags Laguayra at 6½@7½c, and 600 boxes Havana Brown and Yellow at 7@8½c ₱ lb, all on time.

TALLOW—City Rendered is held at 10@10½c ₱ lb, but there is very little selling

TOBACCO moves off slowly, without any change to notice in quotations.

WOOL—There is a steady inquiry for the medium grades, but the finer descriptions have attracted but little attention. Prices are well maintained. Sales of 110,000 lbs, ranging from 27c ₱ lb for unwashed up to 55c ₱ lb, cash, for fine, chiefly at 50@55c for the latter description.

FIRST GRIEF.

BY JAMES HEDDERWICK.

They tell me first and early love
  Outlives all after dreams;
But the memory of a first great grief
  To me more lasting seems.

The grief that marks our dawning youth,
  To memory ever clings,
And o'er the path of future years
  A lengthened shadow flings.

* * * * * * *

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
  Became all cold and wan,
An eye grew dim, in which the light
  Of radiant fancy shone.

Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow,
  The eye was fixed and dim;
And one there mourned a brother dead,
  Who would have died for him.

I know not if 'twas summer then;
  I know not if 'twas spring;
But, if the birds sang on the trees,
  I did not hear them sing.

If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
  Their bloom I did not see;
I looked upon one withered flower,
  And none else bloomed for me!

A sad and silent time it was
  Within that house of woe,
All eyes were dull and overcast,
  And every voice was low.

And from each cheek, at intervals,
  The blood appeared to start,
As if recalled in sudden haste
  To aid the sinking heart.

Softly we trod, as if afraid
  To mar the sleeper's sleep;
And stole last looks of his pale face
  For memory to keep.

With him the agony was o'er,
  And now the pain was ours,
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose
  Like odor from dead flowers.

* * * * * * *

The grief has past with tears away,
  And joy has been my lot;
But the one is oft remembered,
  And the other soon forgot.

MY THREE MASTERS.

I was never anything but a fine, old country gentleman, living upon my property, and passing the whole of my days in the sports of the field. The gun or the fishing-rod was seldom out of my hands, except when a scarlet coat was on my back, and I was on the back of my favorite steed. I was the steady, persevering amateur-butcher of my county, known and dreaded by the brute creation for miles and miles, and no huntsman's dinner—no angler's festival was considered complete unless I consented to grace the board, either as the President or the honored guest. No one ever thought me cruel, no one ever called me a brute; on the contrary, I was looked upon as a manly representative of a manly race, whose gradual decline and probable extinction was a great and irreparable loss to the country.

One day I went wild-duck shooting. My water-boots were out of order—in fact, I wanted a new pair; but the weather was so favorable for the sport, and I was so eager, that I could not wait until a proper equipment arrived from London. I knew I was flying in the face of danger—my old housekeeper (I have neither wife nor children) told me so; and when I came back at night, wet through to the legs, with very strong symptoms of inflammatory cold, no one in the house expressed any surprise, unless it was at my obstinate folly.

The sequel is soon told; a high fever followed, and as I had always been very free with brandy and old port wine, I was peculiarly open to an attack of this kind, and in a few days I gave up the ghost.

On knocking for admission, in the usual way, at the door of Elysium, I met with a very cold reception at the hands of the porter.

"I think, sir," he said, "you're a little afore your time?"

"How can that be?" I asked, "I died in the regular way."

"Not exactly in the regular way," he replied, "as far as I understand it; howsomdever, it's nothing to do with me; I've only got to obey orders, and to tell you that your little place inside is not half ready, and won't be finished for some years."

"Come," I said, getting indignant, "enough of this nonsense, open the gate."

"Oh," he returned sneeringly, handing me a written paper, "this game won't do with me; I've seen too much of it."

"You rascal," I shouted, now fully enraged, "this impertinence shall be reported to your employers."

"Report away!" he replied, laughing, "two can play at that. If a gent goes and commits sooicide, or the next thing to it, he must take the consequences, that's all."

Before I could turn and strike him to the ground for this insult, he had closed the wicket, and I was left to grope my way once more in the outer darkness.

It was some time before I again reached daylight, and was able to read my paper. It fully authorised the remarks of the surly porter, by reproving me for the manner in which I had prematurely, and almost knowingly, put an end to a not very valuable or wisely spent existence. It showed me how very closely such a piece of folly as I had been guilty of, in standing up to my waist in water half a-day in leaky boots, bordered upon the prohibited crime of self-destruction. My place in Elysium was not prepared for my reception, as I was not due for the next five and twenty years; and I was ordered to fill up the remainder of my allotted time on earth in the disagreeable condition of the metempsychosis.

Scarcely had I got to the end of this mandate, when I was felled to the ground; a darkness came over my eyes, which seemed to me to last for many hours; and when it cleared away, my soul had transmigrated, and I found myself a dog—a wretched, full-sized, half-fed cur, the property of a costermonger in the streets of London.

My master was poor, and considered savage; but as I had seen so much of sportsmen in my former state, I did not altogether agree with this opinion. We lived up a filthy court without a thoroughfare, just at the back of a pile of stately mansions, and my duty was to trot by the side of my master's barrow during the day, and to keep guard over it all through the night. The work was hard and the food was scanty; but the latter was as much as my master could afford; and I was not in a position to complain of the former, when I recollected that I had put many animals to much more pain for my idle pleasure, than this man was compelled to inflict in the hard pursuit of a bare existence.

I was chained by a log to the street-door, which was kept open, day and night, and my bed was a little rotten straw thrown down in the middle of the passage. I could not complain of this, as there were many children—dozens, perhaps—sleeping in the same house, who had no greater luxury under them. The square yard of our court was always half full of barrows, the property of the other inhabitants, who were all costermongers, like my master. There were many dogs who guarded these barrows, as I guarded my master's; and when business was flat, and my master with some of his neighbors wanted a little amusement to raise their spirits, or to occupy their leisure, I was brought out, being a powerful dog, and set on to fight one or more of my fourfooted companions. Here my master and my former self seemed to meet as sportsmen upon common ground, but it is surprising with what different feelings I regarded a dog-fight, when I was one of the combatants, instead of being one of the spectators. Sometimes a couple of precocious urchins—the glory of the court—would drag me out to make a match while their parents all the time stood joyfully by, delighted at the signs of promise exhibited by their hopeful offspring. I could not, however, complain in my secret heart—the heart of my former self—for I well remembered the day when my father took me, a little rosy cheeked boy of four or five years of age, to pull the trigger of a gun which was placed across a gate, by which I shot a poor sparrow that was sitting chirping on a hedge, and blew his body into a hundred pieces. The policeman on duty in the neighborhood of my master's court, sometimes came up, and put an end to these frequent dog-fights; and arbitrary as this interference of authority undoubtedly was, it struck me it might have been exerted with great advantage upon half the great sporting estates of the country. Sometimes lady-visitors from the fine houses at our back came round, protected by gentlemen, to investigate the condition of the lower orders. Of course they were shocked at our brutal habits, and our savage nature; but one of the loudest-complaining ladies of the party forgot the time when I had seen her at her country-house, looking with delight through her gold eye-glass at the drawing of a sturdy badger.

One morning my master, either forgetting or being ignorant of the state of the law, fastened me to his barrow to help in drawing a heavy load—a task that I had anything but a relish for. I was obstinate, and would not pull, which so exasperated my employer, that he struck me several times with a stick across the back, as I had often struck an unruly horse in the country. This brutality—as it was called—was seen by several people, who cried "shame;" and by a policeman, who took my master and his barrow into custody.

"What's the meaning of this flying in the face of an Act of Parliament?" asked the magistrate.

"I don't know anythin' about hacts," said my master, "I'm tryin' to get a livin'."

"Very likely," returned the magistrate, "but you're not allowed to get it with dogs. You're fined one pound."

"More shame for 'em," shouted my master, "he's as strong as a 'oss."

"You're fined a pound," repeated the magistrate, closing all further controversy.

My master was not prepared to pay the fine upon the spot, and his barrow was, therefore, impounded while he went in search of the money. The policeman unhooked me to let me walk about the yard, and seizing an opportunity, I squeezed myself through a small space under a gate, and turned my back forever upon my unfortunate master and his barrow.

I wandered for many hours about the town, getting very tired and hungry, for I had had nothing all day, except some milk which I had stolen out of a milk-can that stood open by some area-railings. My walk during the afternoon and evening had been through a very genteel, not to say aristocratic, part of the metropolis, where the roads and gutters were swept so very clean that they formed a desert of perfect hopelessness to a half-starved dog like myself. Shortly after dusk I found myself in a low outskirt of the town, that would have been country but for a long range of cinder-heaps, that blackened the whole prospect. Going some distance past these black hills—still on the main road—I came suddenly upon a small, wretched hut, one-half of the rafters of which were visible through the roof. As I was lingering in front of this building, the door suddenly opened, and a man stood full in the doorway. He seemed astonished and glad to catch sight of me, and beckoned me in with friendly signs, and the additional temptation of a piece of bread. I did not altogether like the place, but the man appeared friendly, the food was very tempting after a long tramp, and a longer fast, and at last I entered. The man closed the door behind me as I was eating the bread, and then called to some one who was in the back-part of the premises. A shrill voice answered the call, and shortly afterwards an old sooty-faced woman made her appearance, who was much more repulsive in my eyes than the man. He was powerful, rough and gipsy-like in aspect; while she was sinewy, witch-like, and fierce in expression. They stood at some distance from me, conversing in a low tone, while I was busy with the food the man had given me.

"Three 'arf crowns, at least," said the woman, eagerly, "for a skin like that."

"No," said the man, sternly, "I won't 'ave it. I can sell 'im alive for that."

"Keep 'im, then," replied the woman, sharply, "an' see 'im eat 'is 'ed off in two days."

"I'd like to keep 'im altogether," returned the man, looking at me with admiration—"a fine fellow."

"We don't want the money, do we?" asked the woman, with a savage expression; "cinder-sifting will bring it in a 'urry, won't it?"

This last speech seemed to have the desired effect upon the man, for the next moment I found myself in his powerful grasp, out of which there was no escape, and I saw the woman coming towards me with a bright, sharp-pointed knife. Putting the previous conversation and these signs together, it was not difficult to understand that their object was to skin me alive for the sake of my skin, which is twice the value when taken from a living animal. Looking back at my past self, I was conscious of many things that I had connived at in quiet country places, not very different from this, without having the excuse of hard necessity as some sort of palliation. These were my human reflections; and while I was indulging in them, my animal instincts had taken care of my miserable body, by causing me to yell and howl at the top of my voice. The man tried to stop this uproar, by clasping my jaw, but I gave him so much trouble to hold me down in my struggles, that he was compelled to let me howl to my heart's content. Just as the old hag had got me into a position favorable to her operations, the door of the hut burst suddenly open, and several men stood in the room, and crowded round the doorway.—The old woman dropped her knife, and the man dropped me to face the unwelcome intruders, who were a party of excursionists going home in a van, and while passing the hut they had been arrested by my howls of distress. The man and woman offered some rambling explanation, but it was of no avail, and the two miscreants, as they were called, were taken to town by my deliverers, to answer the charge of cruelty to a dog. The next morning, before a magistrate, they were sentenced each to three months' imprisonment with hard labor, amidst the applause of a crowded court; and I slunk away once more unobserved, to seek my fortunes in another direction.

My last night's experience had taught me to avoid the outskirts of the town;—of the country I did not feel a very high opinion; and I therefore turned in a way that I supposed must lead me towards the centre of the metropolis. I had not gone far when I entered a spacious park, with well dressed ladies and gentlemen, with livery servants, horses, carriages and every sign of luxury and wealth. I again began to feel the pangs of hunger, which came on with most annoying regularity; and as I could find nothing eatable upon the trim gravel walks, I took the liberty of snapping a large bun from the hand of a grossly over-fed boy in a velvet dress. The child was almost paralyzed with fright, and before it could turn round and complain to its nurse, who was flirting with a very long, thin soldier, who seemed all legs, I was fairly out of sight among the trees. Going past a seat in one of the most pleasant parts of the park, my attention was drawn to a very benevolent-looking, stout, middle-aged gentleman, who wore spectacles, through which he was reading a book. There was something delightfully calm—so comfortable—so good-humored and respectable about this person, that I could go no farther, but lay upon the ground with my tongue hanging out and my tail wagging in a most imbecile manner. If fate, I thought, had but given me such a master, I could have carried baskets, fetched sticks out of ponds and rivers, stood upon my hind legs, or performed any other well-known canine feats in a transport of joy and thankfulness. I was not long in this attitude before I attracted the attention of the placid gentleman, who gave me such signs of encouragement, as he slowly arose to go away, that I followed him meekly without any hesitation. We did not go far before we entered a quiet, spacious square, at a large corner house, in which my new acquaintance appeared to reside. When he rang the bell, the door was immediately answered by a servant in livery.

"George," said the old gentleman, very mildly, "take this dog in and see him properly provided for."

The benevolent gentleman's commands were instantly obeyed; and in a few minutes I found myself in a large dog's house in a stable at the end of the garden, with a large pan of water and a large dish of bones and broken meat before me. When I had satisfied my hunger, and began to feel more happy, I looked about me, and I saw three more dog's houses of various sizes. In one of these was a small black-and-tan terrier; in another a dog much larger, of the Scotch terrier breed; in another a still larger dog of the bull-terrier kind; while I made the fourth and largest, being a mixture of the Newfoundland and the shepherd's dog. I learned in conversation with my new friends, who were all very sociable, that one had been bought of a man in the streets, another had been presented to the old gentleman by a friend, and the third had been encouraged to follow our master in the same way as I had.—They were all well fed and well attended to, being taken out in turns by the servants for exercise, but never by their master. They had speculated much upon the character of the old gentleman, but they had not arrived at any satisfactory conclusion. He was not a dog-fancier, that was certain, nor was he of a sporting turn (I winced at this phrase), for he never went to the country; and why they were kept there, as if to be looked at, and yet were never looked at, was a mystery they were unable to unravel, even with my intelligent assistance.

For some weeks I was kept in the state my companions had described, and I began to get rather weary of the monotony of my life, when one morning there seemed to be an unusual stir in the house, and shortly after breakfast several servants came down to the stable, and took the whole four of us in a body into the dining-room. The placid old gentleman, our master, was there, and several other old gentlemen equally respectable in appearance, equally adorned with spectacles, and equally placid in their manners.

"George," said our master, mildly, to one of the servants, "is the surgery prepared?"

"Quite prepared, sir," replied the servant.

"Will you be kind enough, then," said our master, very blandly, "to carry out my instructions?"

Upon these orders the black-and-tan terrier was first taken away, and after the lapse of a few minutes, the servants returned for the Scotch terrier, and, after that, for the bull-terrier. Although we were walking about the dining-room before being removed to the surgery, the gentlemen assembled with our placid master took no notice of us, but kept up an animated conversation among themselves near the windows that looked into the square in front. At last, my turn came, and I went with my conductor, and some little misgivings, towards the surgery. When I got there, before I had time to observe what had become of my companions, I was seized by several men, and fastened on a rack which held me firmly, face upwards, extended by the four legs, and in my mouth was placed a round block of wood, which prevented my making a noise. Scarcely had the servants settled me in this uncomfortable position, when I was conscious of the room being filled with the placid gentlemen, and of a very strong smell of drugs and physic.

"Since our last meeting, gentlemen," said a voice, which I recognized as our master's, "as you are probably aware, I have carried on a controversy in the public prints with a correspondent who signs himself Canis Familiaris. It is not for me, in this room, to speak of my own triumphs, but it must be evident to you all, that a mere theorist like my anonymous opponent, can have little chance in an argument with an unflinching experimentalist like myself. When Canis Familiaris asserts that a decoction of Apocynum (the common poisonous plant known as dog's-bane) will not kill a healthy dog; I silence him for ever when I reply that I have administered with my own hands fourteen different doses of this vegetable poison to fourteen different dogs of various sizes, and that I have their lifeless bodies now in my dissecting-room, as a proof against all the world."

A murmur of satisfaction was heard from the placid gentlemen after this speech, mingled with the clatter of glasses. At first I supposed our time had come, and that draughts of dog's-bane were being poured out for our immediate destruction; but I found from the smell that sherry was being drunk, and from the thick voices of the placid gentlemen that biscuits were being eaten.

"Doctor Borax," said our master, with an ill-suppressed air of triumph, "do you still adhere to your assertion that the fossil we have here is not the remains of the common dog?"

"I do, distinctly," replied Doctor Borax, rather indistinctly, for his mouth was half full of biscuit.

"Very well," returned our master, with a chuckle; "I assert the contrary; and what is more, I am prepared to prove, by direct comparison, that the fossil is the remains of one of two dogs—the Scotch-terrier, or the bull-terrier."

Another murmur of satisfaction ran round the room at the close of this confident remark, mingled still with the clatter of wine-glasses, and the crunching of crisp biscuits.

"Here," said our master, with the air of a conjurer, placing his hand upon a substance which made a hollow sound, "I have a full-grown, healthy specimen of the bull-terrier, and here" (there was another hollow sound) "I have an equally favorable specimen of the Scotch terrier."

There was a general movement at this point among the placid gentlemen, as if for examination; and I judged rightly from the two hollow sounds that my unfortunate dog-companions were similarly situated to myself close to where our master stood, and that he had caused the noise by dropping his hand upon their extended stomachs. When the placid gentlemen appeared to be satisfied, our master clicked a small table bell, which was immediately answered by the usual servant.

"George," said our master, "take those two dogs down to Mr. James in the dissecting-room, who will prepare them according to my instructions."

While these orders were being carried out, my master resumed his discourse.

"Gentlemen," he said, "to return in the interim to this question of the effect of the vulgar poison known as dog's bane, upon the common dog; I am prepared to show you how erroneous is the general impression that the greater the size of the animal, the greater will be his power of resisting the action of this deadly herb. I have proved by the fourteen dogs that I have already destroyed, that dog's-bane is not merely an ignorant, groundless title for a common plant (as asserted by Canis Familiaris, and many others), but that it is the most nauseous and effective poison that can be administered to the whole canine-race.

Another murmur of approval followed this speech, still joined by the clatter of wine-glasses.

"Let us understand you, distinctly, doctor," said a very mild gentleman in the room, who appeared to be taking notes; "you say a large dog will expire under an equal dose of dog's-bane, earlier than a smaller dog?"

"I do," returned the doctor, proudly; "and to carry out my invariable plan of experiment, I have provided a small black-and-tan terrier, and a large specimen of the mixed Newfoundland and shepherd breed, upon both of which it is my intention to operate, before your eyes."

Alarmed as I was at the danger of my position, I could not help indulging in reflections upon nice distinctions; and as I had learned how fine was the line which divided suicide from an obstinate running into fatal danger, I was now anxious to know why my two former tormentors were punished by an offended law, while this little knot of half-employed doctors, without any secrecy, could destroy a hundred animal lives for the sake of a crotchety theory, and be protected by the broad shield of cold-blooded and pretended science.

While I was occupied with these thoughts, I heard a faint gurgling sound, which I presumed came from my small companion, the black-and-tan terrier, as he swallowed the fatal dose. My master then came towards me with a funnel and a goblet containing a dark liquid; and I endeavored to soften his heart by a piteous, appealing look. My effort was thrown away upon a pompous, self-sufficient, shirt-frilled, attitudinising smatterer of science; the funnel was inserted in my half-opened mouth, by the side of the gagging-block; the horrid draught was poured down my parched throat; my heart sickened, as the fumes of a hundred druggists' shops arose to my brain; my eyes closed, and I seemed to fall headlong through the earth.

Ill, I had been—very ill—and weak, I remained, without a doubt, lying upon my bed in my own room in the country, attended by my doctor and my old housekeeper. The cold I had caught in the duck-pond had turned to brain-fever, and I had been long delirious. The first use I made of my slowly returning strength, was to put a little more humanity into my field-sports; to change my rod and gun for a ball and a bat, and to make a bowling-green and a cricket-ground of unrivalled excellence upon my estate; to which all the lads of the county are always welcome.

LIMBY LUMPY;

Or, The Boy Who Was Spoiled by his Mamma

[The following will do as a kind of companion piece to "What is to be done with our Charley?" published last week:]

Limby Lumpy was the only son of his mamma. His father was called the "pavior's assistant;" for he was so large and heavy, that when he used to walk through the streets, the men who were ramming the stones down with a large wooden rammer, would say, "Please to walk over these stones, sir," and then the men would get a rest.

Limby made a rare to do when he was a little baby. But he never was a *little* baby—he was always a big baby; nay, he was a big baby to the day of his death. "Baby Big," his mamma used to call him; he was "a noble baby," said his aunt; he was "a sweet baby," said old Mrs. Tompkins, the nurse; he was "a dear baby," said his papa—and so he was, for he *cost* a good deal; he was "a darling baby," said his aunt by the mother's side; "there never was such a fine child," said everybody before the parents. When they were at another place, they called him "a great, ugly, fat thing."

So Limby grew bigger and bigger every day, till at last he could scarcely draw his breath, and was very ill. So his mother sent for three apothecaries and two physicians, who looked at him—told his mamma there were no hopes; the poor child was dying of over-feeding. The physicians, however, prescribed for him a dose of castor-oil.

His mamma attempted to give him the castor-oil; but Limby, although he liked cordial, and pap, and sweet-bread, and oysters, and other things nicely dished up, had no fancy for castor-oil, and struggled, and kicked, and fought, every time his nurse or mamma attempted to give it him.

"Limby, my darling boy," said his mamma, "my sweet cherub, my only dearest, do take its oily polly—there's a ducky deary—and it shall ride in a coachy poachy." "Oh! the dear baby," said the nurse, "take it for nursey. It will take it for nursey—that it will."

The nurse had got the oil in a silver medicine-spoon, so contrived that if you could get it into the child's mouth, the medicine must go down. Limby, however, took care that no spoon should go into his mouth; and when the nurse tried the experiment, for the nineteenth time, he gave a plunge and a kick, and sent the spoon up to the ceiling, knocked off nurse's spectacles, upset the table on which all the bottles and glasses were, and came down whack on the floor.

His mother picked him up, clasped him to her breast, and almost smothered him with kisses. "Oh! my dear boy," said she, "it shan't take the nasty oil—it won't take it, the darling; naughty nurse, to hurt baby! It shall not take the nasty physic!" and then she kissed him again."

Poor Limby, although only two years old, knew what he was at. He was trying to get the mastery of his mamma; he felt he had gained his point, and gave another kick and a squall, and at the same time planted a blow on his mother's eye. "Dear little creature," said she, "he is in a state of high convulsions and fever; he will never recover."

But Limby did recover, and in a few days was running about the house, and the master of it; there was nobody to be considered, nobody to be consulted, nobody to be attended to, but Limby Lumpy.

Limby grew up big and strong; he had everything his own way. One day, when he was at dinner with his father and mother, perched upon a double chair, with his silver knife and fork, and silver mug to drink from, he amused himself by playing drum on his plate with the mug.

"Don't make that noise, Limby, my dear," said his father. "Dear little lamb," said his mother, "let him amuse himself. Limby have some pudding?" "No; Limby no pudding—drum! drum! drum!"

A piece of pudding was, however, put on Limby's plate; but he kept on drumming as before. At last he drummed the bottom of the mug into the soft pudding, to which it stuck, and by which means it was scattered all over the carpet.

"Limby, my darling!" said his mother; and the servant was called to wipe Limby's mug, and pick the pudding up from the floor. Limby would not have his mug wiped, and floundered about, and upset the cruet-stand and the mustard on the table-cloth.

Limby now sat still, meditating what to do next. He was not hungry, having been stuffed with a large piece of plum-cake about an hour before dinner; but he wanted something to do, and could not sit still.

Presently a saddle of mutton was brought on the table. When Limby saw this, he set up a crow of delight. "Limby ride," said he, "Limby ride," and rose up in his chair, as if to reach the dish.

"Yes, my ducky, it shall have some mutton," said his mamma; and immediately gave him a slice, cut up into small pieces. That was not it. Limby pushed that on to the floor, and cried out, "Limby on meat! Limby ride on meat!"

His mamma could not think what he meant. At last, however, his father recollected that he had been in the habit of giving him a ride occasionally, first on his foot, sometimes on the scroll end of the sofa, at other times on the top of the easy-chair. Once he put him on a dog, and more than once on the horse's saddle; in short, he had been in the habit of perching him on various things; and now, Limby, hearing this was a saddle of mutton, wanted to take a ride on it.

"Limby on—Limby ride on bone," said the child, in a whimper. "Did you *ever hear?*" said the father. "What an extraordinary child!" said the mother: "how clever, too, to know it was like a saddle—the little dear! No, no, Limby; grease frock, Limby." But Limby cared nothing about a greasy frock; not he—he was used enough to that; and therefore roared out more lustily than ever for a ride on the mutton.

"Did you ever know such a child? What a dear, determined spirit! He is a child of an uncommon mind," said his mother. "Limby, dear—Limby, dear, silence! silence!" The truth was, Limby made such a roaring that neither father nor mother could get their dinners, and scarcely knew whether they were eating beef or mutton.

"It is impossible to let him ride on the mutton," said his father; "quite impossible!" "Well, but you might just put him astride the dish, just to satisfy him; you can take care his legs or clothes do not go into the gravy." "Anything for a quiet life," said the father. "What does Limby want? Limby ride?" "Limby on bone! Limby ride on meat!" "Shall I put him across?" said Mr. Lumpy. "Just for one moment," said his mamma; "it won't hurt the mutton."

The father rose and took Limby from his chair, and, with the greatest caution, held his son's legs astride, so that that they might hang on either side of the dish without touching it, "just to satisfy him," as he said, "that they might dine in quiet," and was about to withdraw him from it immediately. But Limby was not to be cheated in that way; he wished to feel the saddle under him, and accordingly forced himself down upon it; but, feeling it rather warmer than was agreeable, started, and lost his balance, and fell down among the dishes, soused in melted butter, cauliflower and gravy—floundering, and kicking, and screaming, to the danger of glasses, dishes, and everything else on the table.

"My child! my child!" said his mamma; "oh, save my child!" she snatched him up, and pressed his greasy garments close to the body of her best silk gown. Neither father nor mother wanted any more dinner after that. As to Limby, he was as frisky afterwards as if nothing had happened; and about half an hour from the time of this disaster *cried for his dinner.*

"BLESS THE LORD, THAT'S A LIE!"—Dr. Dixon preached in Liverpool a funeral discourse on the death of Dr. Bunting. In spite of his infirmity and blindness, he is said to have for ninety minutes held an auditory in wrapt and wondering attention, as he portrayed the mind, the heart, the life, the passive and active virtues of Dr. Bunting. A most indicrous incident occurred while Dr. Dixon was delivering his sermon. In speaking of the removal of Dr. Bunting, and others, he said it seemed to him as though the great men of the Methodist church were passing away one after another, and that there were none rising up to fill their places. The instant this opinion was expressed, a good old woman in the congregation shouted out at the top of her voice—"And bless the Lord, that's a lie!" This corrective remark of the zealous mother in Israel so disconcerted the speaker, that for some moments he was unable to proceed. At length he recovered himself, and without noticing the interruption in any way, pressed on to the close of his noble commemorative discourse.—*Zion's Herald.*

ALE AND THE FAIRIES.—"How do you account," said a north country minister of the last age (the late Rev. Mr. M'Bean, of Alves) to a sagacious old elder of his session, "for the almost total disappearance of the ghosts and fairies that used to be common in your young days!" "Tak' my word for't, minister," replied the old man, "it's owing to the *tea;* whan the *tea* cam in, the ghaists an' fairies gaed out. Weel do I mind whan at a' our naborly meetings—bridals, christenings, lykewakes, an' the like—we entertained ane another wi' rich happy ale; an' when the verra dowiest o' us used to get warm i' the face, an' a little confused in the head, an' weel fit to see amaist onything when on the muirs on yur way hame. But the tea has put out the nappy; an' I have remarked, that by losing the nappy we lost baith ghaists and fairies."—*Hugh Miller.*

THE NAME HENRIETS.—"I do not find," says John Capgrave, an Augustinian monk of the 14th century, in his "Book of the Illustrious Henries"—"I do not find the etymological meaning of this name Henriens among ancient authors; nor is it expounded by them. But by delving deep into the magnificent *covenientia* of this matter, I am inclined to think that it took its origin from the Hebrew tongue, the mother of all others. For 'Hen,' as the commentators tell us, means 'my eye' or 'Lo! the source!'—'Ri' or 'Rei,' for so it is written in some MSS., my shepherd or governor—and 'cus' black or negro." From which detestable specimen of monkish etymologies, it would seem that the august name of Hen-ri cus means 'My eye, here is the governor looking as black as a negro!'"—*Athenæum.*

BALZAC'S REAL NAME.—"*Guez,* (a beggar) is a French writer of great pomp of style: but he felt such extreme delicacy at so low a name, that to give some authority to the splendor of his diction, he assumed the name of his estate, and is well known as Balzac. A French poet of the name of Theophile *Viaut,* finding that his surname, pronounced like *veau* (calf,) exposed him to the infinite jests of the minor wits, silently dropped it, by retaining the more poetical appellation of Theophile."—*Curiosities of Literature.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE SLAVE TRADE—LORD DERBY'S SPEECH—REFORM, &c., &c., &c.

The Africa brings advices to the 13th ult.

A serious insurrection is reported as having occurred in Asiatic Turkey.

A telegraphic despatch from Madrid says that the Mexican difficulty must be settled in a manner suitable to the dignity of Spain. Hostilities are anticipated.

At the Lord Mayor of London's banquet, the Earl of Derby and other members of the Cabinet spoke. They avoided committing themselves, but promised that the forthcoming measures should be comprehensive and national in their character.

The details of the Japan treaty have been published. Great Britain is to have a diplomatic agent at Jeddo, and Japan one at London.

The Prince of Wales has been gazetted as a colonel in the army.

The "Indian Empire," three weeks out from New York for Galway, had not been heard of at Liverpool when our despatch closed.

Ex-Electrician Whitehouse, in a letter to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, says his recent experiments conclusively demonstrate that the system of testing the cable, hitherto adopted, is fallacious. He believes the fault in the cable is not far from the shore, and reiterates the conviction that it may be profitably worked.

Le Nord says that the English Government consents to France engaging Indian Coolies for Colonial laborers.

The report that a reduction was about being made in the French Army caused a buoyancy on the London Exchange.

Montalembert's trial had been fixed for the 17th inst. The French papers are not permitted to publish the proceedings.

The Bank of France lost twenty-three millions of francs, in specie, during the month.

The preliminary elections at Berlin resulted entirely in favor of the new ministry.

The submarine Telegraph Cable between Dover and Calais was again in working order.

Meetings in aid of the new reform movement in Parliament representation, continued to be held in various parts of England.

The Emperor Napoleon had returned the compliment recently paid him by Queen Victoria, having forwarded her a twelve pound howitzer invented by himself. The piece bears the name "Alliance."

Business at Canton was dull. Teas were firm. A large business had been done at Shanghai on American account in green teas, at full prices.

It is stated that the leading Reformers both in and out of Parliament have determined to initiate forthwith a great movement, to be vigorously carried on, till the meeting of Parliament, for a thorough Liberal Reform in the representation of the country. The basis on which the agitation will rest will be that indicated in Mr. Bright's recent speeches at Birmingham. An extension of the franchise, the protection of voters in the exercise of the electoral right, the shortening of the duration of Parliaments, and the re-distribution of the electoral districts, will be the most prominent features in the programme of the forthcoming movement.

The Daily News, taking for granted that the inquiry into the French "free immigration" scheme is tantamount to the abandonment of that "disguised African slave trade," compliments the Emperor on "the habitual sagacity" he has manifested in giving up a project which has already led him into serious embarrassments, and which was destined to lead him into more.

Napoleon's funeral car, used at St. Helena, was formally presented to France by Sir John Burgoyne. Prince Napoleon, in receiving it, said he regarded it as a testimony of Queen Victoria's desire to efface the poignant remembrances of St. Helena, and an additional pledge of a cordial alliance.

Nearly a quarter of a million of Australian gold has arrived by the Lincolnshire from Australia, and more is expected.

The French funds are again improving, a better feeling having been produced by the Emperor's evident desire to get rid of the slavery question, which threatened such serious complications.

The Wildflower, from China, brings 563,000 lbs. of tea.

The Times, in a leader on Japan, is inclined to think the importance of the Japanese trade overrated, and hopes our merchants will not fall into the old error of making unreasonable consignments.

From Spain the news is that the expedition against Riff is on the point of starting. It consists of eight steam vessels. No advance will be made into the interior, but the coast will be attacked, and all suspected ships destroyed.

Denmark has abrogated the Constitution of Holstein.

There is no news of the slightest importance from India. Lord Elgin awaited at Shanghai the Commissionary for arranging the tariff, &c., who were expected from Pekin in the beginning of October. All quiet at Canton, and trade recommencing. The Chinese are returning to Hong Kong.

The Dutch expedition against Jambi has been successful. The landing took place on the 6th September, and Jambi is in possession of the Dutch. The loss of the natives was considerable; on the side of the Dutch four killed and thirty-four wounded.

Jambi, against which the Dutch are operating, is one of the native states of Sumatra, next to Borneo, the largest island in the Eastern Seas. The town of Jambi, which extends over three-quarters of a mile on the banks of the river of the same name, has only between 3,000 and 4,000 inhabitants.

The French and Spanish forces have landed at Touran, a port of Cochin China. The place was taken without the loss of a single man. The bay and river of Touran are held in a state of effective blockade by the forces under Admiral de Genouilly from the 1st of September.

The last despatches from China announce that Admiral Regault, after having taken possession of the establisments at Turanne, had immediately marched to the city of Hue, which is the capital of Cochin China, and of the entire empire of Annam.

The details of the taking of Turanne show that the gunboats destroyed five forts in half an hour. Turanne had been declared French territory.

The London Times says: According to a statement received from Spain, the Spanish Government seems likely to order their fleet at Cuba to proceed at once to demand satisfaction from Mexico, in the matter in dispute between the two countries. Probably the countenance of the French Government, who are likewise reported to have sent additional ships of war to that point, is relied upon in this movement; while it is also known that England has serious demands to urge, which will cause her to insist upon a redress at least equal to that which may be accorded in other cases. The Spanish fleet, consisting of eight steamers, had sailed from Cadiz, on the 10th November, for Tangiers. It is added that the fleet has orders, after presenting the demands of the Spanish Government upon Mexico, to scour the coast of Africa, and destroy all vessels manned by the Riff Moors, which may be found without regular papers, and treat them as pirates. Accounts from Cadiz state that the second portion of the reinforcements for Cuba was ready to sail at a moment's notice, completing the expedition to a force of 2,100 infantry and 500 marines.

The Mercantile Courier of Genoa contains some details of the visit of the parents of Mortara to Altari, and which ended in their not seeing their child, and being ordered from the town because they had no passports. On their return to Rome the Secretary of State promised that they should see the child. The mother has given an account of this interview. She says he was evidently struggling between fear of the people with whom he lived and his love for his parents, "but the latter at length prevailed, and he declared that he would return home with us. I told him he was born a Jew, and that, like us, he ought to persist in his faith." "Dear mother," he answered. "I repeat the creed of the Jews every day."

Advices from Japan say that the cholera was carrying of a great number of people.

FRANCE.—THE EMPEROR'S LETTER TO PRINCE NAPOLEON.—The Moniteur publishes the following letter, which the Emperor has addressed to his cousin, Prince Napoleon, Minister of Algeria and of the Colonies:—

"ST. CLOUD, Oct. 30, 1858.

"My Dear Cousin:—I have the liveliest desire that, at the moment when the difference with Portugal relative to the Charles-Georges has terminated, the question of the engagement of free laborers on the African coast should be definitively examined, and finally settled on the truest principles of humanity and justice.

"I energetically claimed from Portugal the restitution of the Charles-Georges, because I will always maintain intact the independence of the national flag: but, in this case even, it was only with the profound conviction of my right that I risked, with the King of Portugal, a rupture of those friendly relations which I am glad to maintain with him.

"But as to the principle of the engagement of the negroes, my ideas are far from being settled. If, in truth, laborers recruited on the African coast are not allowed the exercise of their free will, and if this enrolment is only the slave trade in disguise, I will have it on no terms, for it is not I who will anywhere protect enterprises contrary to progress, to humanity, and to civilization. I beg you, then, to seek out the truth with the zeal and intelligence which you bring to bear on all affairs about which you employ yourself.

"And as the best method of putting a term to what is a continual cause of dispute, would be to substitute the free labor of Indian coolies for that of the negroes, I beg you to come to an understanding with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to resume with the English Government the negotiations which were entered upon a few months ago.

"On this, my dear cousin, I pray God to have you in His holy keeping.

"NAPOLEON."

The Emperor's letter leaves no doubt on the mind as to its real character, and many see in it something like an admission that M. Walewski went too far when he and those whom he inspired, insisted upon the immaculate character of the ship, and legitimate nature of her cargo. The letter is, so far as it goes, a homage to public opinion, which the Minister of Foreign Affairs would do well to imitate occasionally. The Emperor's letter has produced an excellent effect here.

LORD DERBY ON FOREIGN POLITICS.—At the Lord Mayor's dinner, Nov. 9, the Earl of Derby remarked, with reference to foreign politics, "I do not say that complications may not arise, or that differences may not present themselves between different countries, but this I do say, and I say it with the confidence that I am speaking nothing but the bare truth, that all the great Powers of Europe are fully convinced, if not of the sinfulness of war, at all events of the necessary evils attendant upon a state of war, and that the valuable labors of diplomacy are directed, and never were they employed with more success and with more zeal than at the present time, to smooth difficulties, to remove obstacles, and to find in every difference which may occur between various Powers, a peaceable rather than a hostile solution. [Cheers.] He considered the Indian rebellion as in the main put down, and that it would in due course be entirely suppressed, and he hoped the message of peace and mercy which her Majesty was advised to send out upon her accession to the Indian empire—a message to all classes of those who returned to their allegiance—would, in connection with other measures, tend to restore our supremacy and the tranquillity of the country." Reverting to our foreign policy, the Earl expressed his belief that peace will not be disturbed, and that the policy on the part of this country which is best calculated to maintain the peace of the world is in the first place a firm but temperate maintenance of our rights, in the next place a studious and careful recognition of and respect for the rights of others, together with an anxious desire not to interfere unnecessarily with the internal affairs of other States; and also a determination not willingly to give or to take offence, a determination if offence unhappily arises to have reference to the principle which, to its endless honor, was embodied in the protocols of the conference of Paris—namely, to resort, in the first instance, not to hostilities, but to the good offices and the mediation of some friendly Power. Lastly, as the cardinal point of all our foreign policy, the firm and unflinching adherence, in spirit as well as in the letter, to every treaty obligation into which this country may have entered. He must decline taking the bait thrown out by the Lord Mayor to elicit the future intentions of the Government; but he was actively, daily, and assiduously, engaged with his colleagues in considering and maturing the details of those measures of legal, social, financial and political improvement which he hoped by the commencement of the session to be able to submit to the impartial judgment of Parliament. [Cheers.] He could, however, state that they will be couched in a spirit of not endeavoring to serve this or that section of the community, but the whole people; not to legislate for the high or for the low, for the rich or for the poor, but for the well-understood benefit and advantages of all classes. [Cheers.] Mr. Disraeli made no political allusions.

STATISTICS FOR REFORMERS.—A Parliamentary paper was issued in reference to the county franchise. It shows that in England and Wales the number of persons rated at £50 and upwards is 192,000. Those rated at £10 and under £50 number 414,000. A large blue book, just issued, also bears upon the reform question. It shows that the population of all the parishes and parts of parishes not within the limits of Parliamentary boroughs is 10,492,000.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The Fishmongers' Company gave a grand banquet to a distinguished company, including the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Ebury, Sir Charles Bright, and several of the leading merchants of London. The prime warden having proposed the health of Sir C. Bright, the latter, in acknowledging the compliment, said they must not be astonished at this partial failure of the first attempt to carry out telegraphic communications between England and America, or suppose there was *any doubt of the ultimate success of the experiment.* The completion of the system of electric communication throughout the world was, he said, but a question of time.

NEW MAYORS.—The following elections for the civic chair took place yesterday. Liverpool—William Preston. Manchester—Ivie Mackie. Salford—William Harvey. Birmingham—Sir J. Ratcliffe.

FRANCE.—The *Daily News'* Paris correspondent writes:—"I apprehend that the most immediate consequences of the appearance of the imperial letter respecting the slave trade will be a considerable modification in the drafts of the ministerial speeches for the Lord Mayor's dinner. It was probably not without an eye to the coming off of this annual event that the publication of the letter was decided upon."

The *Times'* Paris correspondent writes that the assent of the Emperor to the prosecution of Count Montalembert was obtained with difficulty, and, it is stated, was for some time refused. It is to be regretted that the refusal was not persisted in. The charges in the indictment are very serious, amounting to something like constructive treason. As much as forty francs has been offered for a number of the paper containing the Count's article.

PRUSSIA.—The correspondent of the *Times* says that the authorities very soon undeceived the electors, who thought that they might hold electoral meetings without surveillance; and notices have been issued intimating that no assemblage of persons is legal which has not received a permit from the central police office. This office has the right of stationing one of its officials to hear and report what is said. Assemblages of electors form no exception to this law. A Berlin letter speaks hopefully of the prospect of Prussia. The nation is thoroughly aroused, and bent on promoting two great Ideas—first, that Prussia should head the nationality of Germany; second, that the alliance with England shall be consolidated and made a political reality. The liberal party are daily gaining influence with the Regent.

HOLLAND.—Slavery is about to be abolished in earnest by the Dutch. A bill has just been brought before the States of the Hague for emancipation in Surinam and Curacoa. The first colony is to get 11,000,000 of florins, the second 3. Slaves are estimated for indemnity according to the following tariff: A negro on a sugar plantation, 375 florins; on a cocoa do., 200 florins; and on a cotton or rice do., 200 florins. There are 37,740 slaves in Surinam, and 9,000 in Curacoa.

RUSSIA.—The Emperor Alexander has enfranchised the inhabitants of two villages who had been attached to the land as serfs of the admiralty since the time of Peter the Great, and were forced to work as carpenters. The Russian *Gazette* of St. Petersburg gives an account of the election of municipal councillors by the people of these two villages.

The Emperor Alexander has addressed the nobility at Moscow, or rather the nobility at the whole Empire, in grave and severe terms, on the apathy they have displayed in reference to the abolition of serfdom. A deputation of the nobility of Moscow having been introduced to the Czar in the Kremlin, he said that it was impossible to thank them for their co-operation. They had neither been the first, nor the second, nor the third, to answer to his appeal. This had grieved him profoundly. The eyes of Russia were, he said, fixed on Moscow. He asked them to give him the opportunity of defending them. "I am," he said, "attached to the nobility; but I desire the general good."

A letter from St. Petersburg says it is evident that the nobility silently oppose the wishes of the Emperor. The people of Russia have an unbounded confidence in the Czar.—This alone prevents a terrible outbreak.

TURKEY.—Official advices from Constantinople state that the funds hitherto received by the Turkish Government, on account of the recent loan, have been employed in redemption of proportionate amounts of the paper currency, which will be duly burnt from time to time.

A permanent corps has been formed at Melbourne, for the purpose of producing a series of operas, and on the 13th of September the first (*Maritana*) was given with much success.

LIVERPOOL, NOV. 12—Noon.—Sales of Cotton to-day, 10,000 bales, the market closing steady. Richardson, Spence & Co., report a decline on inferior qualities.

The Manchester advices are favorable, the market closing firmer.

LONDON, Nov. 12—Noon.—Consols are quoted at 98@98¼.

BREADSTUFFS.—Richardson, Spence & Co., quote flour very dull at a decline of 6d. Wheat dull, with a decline on inferior qualities. Corn very dull, and quotations nominal. In European corn there was a decline of qualities. Messrs. Wakefield & Nash report Breadstuffs dull, but steady.

PROVISIONS.—Beef heavy, with but little inquiry and prices weak. Pork heavy. Bacon also heavy, prices being easier, but unchanged. Lard heavy, with a decline for all qualities; 54s. for prime.

PRODUCE.—Sugar quiet. Coffee quiet. Rice steady. Rosin steady at 3s. 10d.@4s. for common. Spirits turpentine steady at 40s. Linseed oil, 30s.@30s. 6d.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—Breadstuffs steady. Sugar quiet. Coffee steady. Tea has declined ¼d@1d; sales of Congous at 1s 10½@1s 10¾d. Rice firm.

LIVERPOOL PIG IRON MARKET quiet, with sellers asking 54s., cash, and buyers 53s. 6d. No business done.

SCOTCH PIG IRON.—Messrs. William F. Sim & Co.'s circular says:—"Our markets for warrants closes at 53s. 6d. to 53s. 9d., cash. Price this time last year 52s. Shipments from Glasgow last week 6,745; ditto corresponding week 1857, 11,738; ditto 1856, 13,415. Total shipments from Glasgow from 1st of January, 1858, to date, 492,230; same period 1857, 461,218; increase, 31,012."

American securities were animated, and all had slightly advanced, except railroads.

A PERFECT WOMAN.

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel-light.

—*Wordsworth.*

☞ We see that there is an agitation to employ women in the business of watch-making, which is said to be beautifully adapted for the delicacy of their pretty little fingers. We highly approve of this employment for female hands; for there is probably not even a surly old bachelor who, having recovered from a long illness, would not be too happy to admit that women (bless them!) are at all times—but more especially in moments of sickness and danger—the very best *watchers* in the world.—*Punch.*

TRUE knowledge leads to love;
True dignity abides with him alone,
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart. —*Wordsworth.*

☞ A little girl was told to spell ferment, and give its meaning, with a sentence in which it was used. The following was literally her answer: "F-e-r-m e-n-t, a verb signifying to work; I love to ferment in the garden."

Oh, my lord, lie not idle;
The chiefest action for a man of great spirit
Is never to be out of action. We should think,
The soul was never put into the body,
Which has so many rare and curious pieces
Of mathematical motion, to stand still.
Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds:
In the trenches for the soldier; in the wakeful study
For the scholar; in the furrows of the sea
For men of our profession; of all which
Arise and spring up honor. —*Webster*, 1600.

☞ One day at a party where Talleyrand was, Dupont de Nemours harranged on his favorite theme, the language of beasts. A very stupid person undertook to controvert the theory, and when this person left, Talleyrand quietly remarked, "M. Dupont is right—beasts do talk."

☞ Since the utterance of the sad words "Barkis is willing," and he "went out with the tide," nothing has equalled the sad brevity of the announcement "Daniel's in circuit" when the Atlantic cable gave its last pulsation.—*Practice.*

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—*Collins.*

☞ A PERFECT MAN.—The man deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others, rather than himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven or earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constant while he breathes, and break when he dies.—*Scott.*

☞ Fellows who have no tongues are often all eyes and ears.—*Haliburton.*

THE reason why a bear should seek
A dry goods shop seems puzzling,
And so I'd state that there he'd want
Just nothing else but MUZZLING.

☞ Corn is cleaned with wind, and the soul with chastening.—*George Herbert.*

☞ Good fortune that comes seldom, comes more welcome.—*Dryden.*

☞ Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.—*Wordsworth.*

☞ I have found by experience that they who have spent all their life in cities, contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but of thinking.—*Goldsmith.*

☞ During the very warm weather a party made a sea excursion, and finding the day delightfully cool and pleasant, one of the ladies remarked to the captain that, while the weather continued so hot, she would like to be captain herself very well. He replied in a most gentlemanly manner, that he would not object to her becoming *captain's mate.*

☞ A modern poet makes the remark that "bright things will never die." This is utterly false. A friend of ours, who lately had a bright red head of hair, made an attempt to transform it into a rich brown with the greatest success. It was found to dye beautifully.—*Picayune.*

THE NIAGARA AND HER NEGRO CARGO.—Dr. Rainey, the agent appointed by President Buchanan to take charge of the negroes sent back to Africa, on the Niagara, gives in a letter a deplorable account of them. He says:—

Their condition on leaving the brig Echo was painful and disgusting in the extreme. They had been huddled together closer than cattle, and slept at night in as close contact as spoons when packed together. Privation of every kind, coupled with disease, had reduced all of them to the merest skeletons, and to such a state of debasement and debility, that on entering the fort they could not so much as step over a small beam one foot high, in the doorway, but were compelled to sit on it and balance themselves over. * * * * *

The Echo took on board 455 at Kabenda, Africa. One hundred and forty-one died on the passage, eight died after the capture, 35 died in Charleston, and 57 have died on board our frigate. We received on board 271; of these, 220 were men and boys, 43 girls and women, and two infants. Consequently, 214 only remain, and many of these, doubtless, will die before we reach the coast. But one woman has died of the whole lot—a fact illustrative of the greater fortitude of the female sex. Yet, their number being smaller, and our nation being gallant in all cases, their treatment has been somewhat better than that of the men.—Thus, 241, or considerably more than half of these poor creatures, have died. * *

They range from eight to eighteen years of age, but about a dozen of them being adults.—Only four are tolerably fine-looking fellows, while there are but about the same number of healthy-looking women. The remainder are young and impressible, as it is, I believe, generally desired that they should be.

They are extremely filthy, and much prefer nudity to dress. We have adopted the plan of having a large hose turned on them twice per week, with strong men at the engine. They appear well enough satisfied with the bath, but cannot, even by the lash, which we are compelled to employ freely, be made to observe any other sanitary or decent habit. It requires a good large crew of men to keep the spar-deck, where they are located, clean. When clothing was put on them in Charleston, of which the negro slaves in the city contributed several dray loads, they immediately tore it off, and rolled it in the sand and basked in the sun.

I know but few cases in which they manifest any sympathy for one another, except to help scratch each other's backs. They give no attention or sympathy whatsoever to the sick and dying. When one is dead, the body may lie for hours among them in immediate contact, yet unnoticed. But as soon the soul has fled they steal the blanket of the deceased, and most unceremoniously proceed to appropriate his bread spoon and bag. During the process of burial, they never manifest the slightest concern. A more stolid, brutalized, pitiable set of beings, I never beheld.

All of them take medicine without a word of objection, yet whenever one sickens he is almost certain to die. We found them with scurvy, diarrhœa and opthalmia, and relieved very much of the former and latter. They now have also catarrh, influenza, scurvy, and chronic diarrhœa. It is wholly impossible to intelligently diagnose their symptoms, or to provide for them as one would wish. We have given them all the aid that money liberally expended and directed by intelligent Christian sympathies could dictate. But they are a set of poor, miserable beings, who will probably soon relapse into their old state.

The negroes are to be delivered in Africa to the American Colonization Society, with which the President has contracted for their protection, education and support for one year.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—We learn from the files of California papers received by the Quaker City that the total shipments of gold from San Francisco, during the month of October, reached four millions, twenty-seven thousand, five hundred and twelve dollars ($4,027,512.) The shipment by the steamer of the 5th for Panama was the largest for many months.

Henry M. Nagle, the Receiver appointed in the affairs of the suspended Express firm of Adams & Co., had made payments among the first eight classes of debtors to the amount of $190,000.

On the new Tehuantepec route mules were only being used for a distance of twenty-five miles.

The annual produce of the quicksilver mines, which the New Almada Company had been forbidden to work, was estimated at ten millions of dollars.

The accounts from the whaling fleet were not regarded as favorable, and freights also ruled at low points.

ARREST OF TWO JEWISH RABBIS FOR SELLING LOTTERY TICKETS.

One of Them Taken from the Synagogue while Teaching—The Officers Resisted by the Jews—Their Horror at the Sacrilege.

Yesterday afternoon, Rabbi Lassin, the leading Rabbi of the Jews in this city, came to the Mayor's office, with one Aaron Friedman, and stated that certain Rabbis were engaged in illegal and immoral practices; that many of his people were poor, and upon investigating the cause, he found that they were largely purchasing lottery tickets of Rabbis, whom he named, and that he was anxious to have the business stopped.

Mr. Friedman then made affidavits, setting forth that for more than a year he has been in the habit of purchasing lottery tickets of Rabbi Abraham Joseph Asch, at 30 and 32 Mott St., and that Asch is agent for Prussian, Saxon, and Hamburg lotteries in this city; and that about three weeks ago he bought a ticket in a lottery of Saxony, which was bogus; also that Rabbi Moses Levi, 383 Broom St., is agent for Asch, and has been in the habit of selling tickets for a year or more.

Warrants were issued for the apprehension of the parties, and Sergeant Bernoy, with a squad of men, made a descent upon Asch, while another squad waited upon Levi. The sergeant found Asch in his synagogue, 78 Allen St., dressed in a white robe and a red cap, standing before a lighted candle, surrounded by some four hundred of his people, to whom he was teaching Hebrew. When the officer made known his errand, the utmost horror and indignation was manifested by the Jews. They exclaimed loudly against the sacrilege of dragging a priest from an altar of the holy temple, and declared that he should not be taken, at the same time rushing forward to his defence. But the officers were too prompt in their movements for the people, and hurrying him out, locked him up in the station house.

They then proceeded to his residence, which they searched. The wife and daughter of the Rabbi having been warned, had turned the furniture upside down, probably destroying the tickets; but some were left, which they tore up and attempted to eat. They were determined that the house should not be searched, and attacked the officers with great spirit. At last a little daughter of the Rabbi ran up to the sergeant, and said:

"Oh, don't hurt my mother, and I will tell you where the tickets are."

"Well," said the sergeant, "where are they?"

"In the synagogue, under the altar."

The sergeant immediately returned to the synagogue. The Jews declared they should not enter, and made a stout resistance, but the officers forced their way in, and searched under the altar, but no tickets were found.—If any had been kept there, they had been removed.

The officers who arrested Levi were also resisted unsuccessfully.

During the night, hundreds of Israelites visited the station-house, demanding the release of the prisoners, and exclaiming that it was sacrilege to arrest a Rabbi, who could do no wrong.

The prisoners were this morning taken before the Mayor, whose office was also thronged with Jews. They said it would have been better for the man who had made the complaint had he never been born. The Rabbis were held to bail in the sum of $1,000 each, to answer the charge in the Court of General Sessions.—*N. Y. Post.*

ANECDOTE OF LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEM.—How Mr. Longfellow came to write the poem of Miles Standish's Courtship, is related by a correspondent of the Portland Argus, who writes from Farmington, Franklin county, Maine, as follows:—

"A peculiar story is abroad in this region in relation to the origin of the new poem, Miles Standish. There resides in the northern part of this county a man bearing the title of Miles Standish, being, as is said, a descendant of the "original Miles." A few evenings ago, *report says*, that the editor of a certain sheet was in company and was thus addressed by one of his *lady friends.* 'Mr. ——, I presume you've read the new poem, Miles Standish, by Longfellow?' 'No, I've not,' replied he, 'I've seen it spoken of in the papers, but I can't see why Mr. Longfellow should write about him; there are a dozen more important men in this county than Miles Standish; I don't see how he and Longfellow got acquainted.' 'Oh,' replied a young miss, perceiving his extensive historical knowledge, 'Longfellow was down here two or three years ago, and went up to Dead river fishing; they got acquainted there, and, as Mr. Standish was just married, he told Longfellow about his courtship, and he now has written a poem about it.' 'Well,' replied the editor, 'I must get it; but I can't see what he could say very interesting about the courtship. Whom did Standish marry?' 'Marry,' interposed another voice, 'he married a distant relation of Longfellow's, and that's the reason he wrote this poem.' 'Well, I declare, I must send for it,' replied the *historian*, 'I guess 'tis interesting; being relations so, Longfellow would write as well as possible.'"

A FEAT NOT PERFORMED.—A few evenings ago, a gentleman who placed a high estimate upon his activity, declaring his ability to walk to Alexandria in twenty minutes, to jump over five flour barrels standing in a row, &c., fell into company with an old friend of ours, who is always ready to pay for a sight of wonderful deeds. The usual bonets were made by Mr. Active, and our friend proposed to give him a five dollar gold piece if he would perform the following very simple feat:—A hundred potatoes were to be laid on the pavement at an interval of three feet apart, a basket was to be placed at one end of the line, and Active should start at that end and pick up each potato and drop it in the basket, until he had picked up the whole hundred, in 30 minutes.

Active agreed, and the night was fixed for the job. Quite a number of persons assembled, the potatoes were placed, and Active took a survey of the line; but after a little consideration backed out. The son of a gentleman, a smart, active boy, came along, and asked what was going on. The task was explained, and the offer made to him. He said he was the boy to do it, and started on the job with great confidence of success. After running backward and forward twenty-nine minutes, he was told that he had picked up sixty-nine potatoes. The poor fellow gave up and started for home, where he came near catching a licking for his labor—a very poor reward.—*Wash. Star.*

DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO COMMIT SUICIDE.—One afternoon not long since, a young woman made a desperate attempt to destroy her life by throwing herself before a locomotive on the Reading Railroad, at Frankford avenue. The woman was dragged away by the gatekeeper at that point, just in time to save her from a frightful death. She afterwards made a similar attempt upon her life, and the same man again saved her, although she resisted with so much determination that both herself and her preserver narrowly escaped destruction. She was then brought into the city. She stated that she had been the mistress of a man who had recently got married, leaving her in a destitute condition and with two children. She was rendered desperate by this treatment, and she expressed her determination to destroy herself. It is an illustration of Free Love principles—and how they work in practice.

A BEE spelling match is announced in Covington, Ohio, at the High School, when the lad that stands the longest on the floor, and spells the biggest words without scratching his head, is to receive a fine present.

STATISTICS OF OHIO.—The following are the footings of the tabular statement exhibiting the number and value of domestic animals, carriages, watches and pianos, as returned for taxation by township assessors for the year 1858, with returns of bank capital:

	No.	Value.
Horses,	655,754	$38,450,896
Cattle,	1,717,640	20,836,979
Mules, &c.,	7,300	501,784
Sheep,	3,377,840	4,755,215
Hogs,	2,541,904	6,191,373
Carriages,	284,931	10,251,295
Watches,	81,622	1,647,965
Pianos,	7,602	1,026,800
Value of merchants' stocks,		24,260,000
Investments in manufactures,		9,247,600
Value of moneys at interest,		23,362,000
Value of credits, books of accounts, &c.,		57,626,900
Moneys invested in U. S. Stocks,		630,000
State and Company Bonds and Stocks,		1,915,000
Other personal property subject to taxation, except bank stock,		25,209,000
Total value of all personal property, except bank capital,		223,966,000
Bank capital, incomplete,		5,966,000

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been increased firmness in the Flour market during the past week, but the receipts being moderate, and the demand having slightly increased both for export and home consumption. The sales for export reach 5000 bbls at $5@5.25 ₱ bbl for common and better brands; 1000 bbls Western Extra at $5,50; 500 bbls good Penna do at $5,75; 1500 bbls extra family on private terms, and 200 half bbls at $5,68 ₱ bbl. The sales to retailers and bakers range from $5,12½ to $6,75 ₱ bbl for common and fancy. At the close most holders asked $5,12½@5,25 for superfine. Rye Flour is dull, and sells only in a small way at $4 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal has been but little inquired for. Sales of 900 bbls Penna at $3,50@3,37½ ₱ bbl. Buckwheat Meal sells in lots at $2,50.

GRAIN.—There has been a good demand for prime lots of Wheat during the past week, but other descriptions have been neglected. At the close, however, there was rather more offering, and prices fell off 2c. Sales of 20,000 bus ranging from $1,20 ₱ bus for inferior, up to $1,30 ₱ bus for prime Red; $1,30 for fair Western White, and $1,35@1,45 ₱ bus for fair and prime Penna and Southern do. Rye comes forward slowly. 4000 bus sold at 76@77c for Penna, and 72@73 for Delaware. The receipts of old Corn have been small, and it is in demand at an advance of 3@4c ₱ bus, while the supplies of new have been in excess of the wants of the trade. Sales of 15,000 bus at 88@90c for old Yellow; 65@78c for new, according to dryness; 73@75c for new White, and 83c for old White. About 10,000 bus Western mixed sold at 78c. Oats are in good request.—17,000 bus sold at 44@44½c for Southern, and 45@46c for Penna, including a cargo of superior Barley Oats at 45½c, and some inferior Virginia and Penna at 41@43c. Barley is dull at 90c, and Barley Malt at $1. In Feed we notice sales of Bran at $1,10, and Middlings at $1,35@1,36 ₱ 100 lbs.

PROVISIONS.—The receipts and stocks of all kinds are light, and prices, owing to the high rates paid for Hogs at the West, are tending upward, but there is very little doing. Mess Pork has been selling in a small way at $17,75@18, and Prime at $15@15,50 ₱ bbl. City Mess Beef sells as wanted at $15@15,50 ₱ bbl. Bacon is quoted at 9½c for Sides, and 7½c for Shoulders, with further small sales of the former, to go South. Hams sell slowly at 10@12c, as in quality. Of Green Meats there is little or no stock here to operate in, and quotations are nearly nominal. Sales, however, of dry salted Shoulders, city cured, are reported at 6½c. We quote Sides at 8½c, and Hams at 8@8½c ₱ lb. Lard is steady, with small sales at 10½@11c for bbls and tcs, and 11½@12c for kegs. Butter is coming in rather more freely, and Roll is selling at 18@22c, the latter for Prime. Solid is dull at 12@13c, as in quality. Cheese ranges at 6@8c ₱ lb. Eggs are worth 22c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—There has been a good demand, and holders have put up their prices full ½c ₱ lb, which has had the tendency to restrict operations. The sales comprise 1100 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 11½@12½c. cash, for low middling and middling fair quality, and 12@13c for New Orleans.

BARK.—There has been a fair demand for Quercitron. The receipts and stocks are very much reduced, and holders are firm. Sales of 80 hhds, No 1 at $30 ₱ ton, and 22 hhds second quality do at $26. Chestnut Oak Bark continues to arrive freely, and sells at $10,50@11 ₱ cord. Spanish Oak comes in slowly.

BEESWAX is steady at 32@33c ₱ lb, cash, for good Yellow.

COAL.—The prices of all kinds are fully sustained and firm, and the demand, particularly for the smaller sizes of White and Red Ash Coal, is more active for domestic purposes, but the scarcity of vessels limits operations.

COFFEE.—An invoice of 1800 bags Laguayra have arrived since our last notice, but the stock of all kinds is very much reduced. Sales of 600 bags Rio, at 10½@11¾c; 550 bags Laguayra at 11½@12c, and 900 bags Triage at 9@9½c ₱ lb, on time.

FEATHERS are more abundant, and prices lower. Sales of good Western and Southern at 50c ₱ lb.

FRUIT.—Domestic Fruit continues to arrive freely. Green Apples range from $2 to $4,50 ₱ bbl, according to quality. 100 bags Dried Apples sold at 7@7½c, and 100 sacks Peaches at 10@12c ₱ lb for unpared, and 14@17c for pared. Cranberries are plenty and dull, ranging from $9 to $9,25 ₱ bbl, as in quality.

FURS.—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₱ lb, $2@2,50; Rocky Mt., do. $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin, do. 18@25c; Nutria, do. 35@50c; Raccoon, do. 38@50c.

HEMP.—There is little or none in first hands, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES.—An import of 3500 Laguayra and Caracas have arrived—the latter of which were disposed of before arrival, at about 20½c ₱ lb, at 6 months.

HOPS continue very dull. Small sales of old at 5@12c and new at 14@16c ₱ lb.

IRON.—The market for Pig Metal continues firm. There is considerable inquiry, but at prices generally below the views of holders. Sales of 1000 tons Anthracite, mostly No 1, in lots, at $22@23, 6 months. A sale of Howard Charcoal Iron at $38, 6 months. Scotch Pig is now held at $24, 6 months. A lot of Charcoal Blooms sold at $53@55, 6 months. For Bars and Boiler Iron there is a steady inquiry, without change in prices.

LEAD.—The stock in first hands is extremely light, and no further transactions have come under our notice.

LEATHER.—Slaughter Leather is scarce, and has advanced fully 1c ₱ lb, and Spanish Sole commands full rates.

LUMBER.—There is but little demand for any description. One cargo of Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards sold at $15 ₱ M feet.

MOLASSES.—There has been more inquiry, and prices are firmer. Sales of 200 hhds Cuba at 25@30c, and 600 bbls of *new crop* New Orleans, to arrive, at 42@43c, on time.

SEEDS.—The demand for Clover seed has fallen off, and prices are lower. Sales of 2000 bush fair and prime quality at $5,75@5,87½, and $5,50 for inferior, and 500 bags reclaimed, to go out of the market, on private terms. Timothy is worth $2@2,12½, and Flaxseed $1,60@1,62 ₱ bush.

SPIRITS.—In Brandy and Gin there are no changes to notice. N E Rum commands 37@38c. Whiskey has been in fair demand; sales of 100 bbls Ohio at 24½@25c; 600 bbls Easton at 23½@24c, and hhds at 22@23½c.

SUGAR.—There has been an increased demand, and with light supplies and a small stock prices are gradually hardening. Sales of 1000 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 6½@7½c; 700 bags Laguayra at 6½@7½c, and 600 boxes Havana Brown and Yellow at 7@8½c ₱ lb, all on time.

TALLOW.—City Rendered is held at 10@10½c ₱ lb, but there is very little selling

TOBACCO moves off slowly, without any change to notice in quotations.

WOOL.—There is a steady inquiry for the medium grades, but the finer descriptions have attracted but little attention. Prices are well maintained. Sales of 110,000 lbs, ranging from 27c ₱ lb for unwashed up to 55c ₱ lb, cash, for fine, chiefly at 50@55c for the latter description.

THE CHESS CONTEST.

A DRAWN GAME.

We chronicle the conclusion of the game as follows:—

	New York. (Umpire—Mr. Dougherty.)	Philadelphia.
20	Kt to K's Kt 5th.	Q to K's 2d.
21	Q R to Q's square.	K R to R 3d.
22	P takes P.	Q's Kt P takes P.
23	Kt takes B.	Q takes Kt.
24	Q to Q's 3d.	Q R to Kt's square.
25	Q takes Q.	P takes Q.
26	R takes B.	R takes R.
27	R to K's 5th.	K to K's 2d.
28	R to Q's K's square.	P to K B 3d.
29	B takes R (ch.)	K takes B.
30	K to B 2d.	K to Q B 3d.
31	K to K 2d.	P to Q R 4th.
32	K to Q's 2d.	R to Q's sq. (check.)
33	K to K's 2d.	R to Q's 6th.
34	P to Q's R's 4th.	P to K's R's 5th.
35	P to K's Knt's 4th.	P takes P *en passant*.
36	P takes P.	P to K's B's 4th.
37	R to Knt's 2d.	K to Q's 4th.
38	R to Kt's sq.	P to Q's B's 5th.
39	P takes P (check.)	K takes P.
40	R to Kt's 7th.	R to Q's Kt's 6th.
41	R to B's 7th (ch.)	K to Q's Kt's 5th.
42	R takes P.	K takes P.
43	P to K's K't's 4th.	R to Q's Kt's 7th (ch.)
44	K to B's sq.	P takes P.
45	R to K's 7th.	R to Q's Kt's sq.
46	P to K's B's 5th.	R to K's B's (sq.)
47	R takes P (check.)	K to Q's K's 6th,
48	R to K's B's 4th.	P to Q's R's 5th,
49	R to K's 2d.	P to Q's R's 6th,
50	P to K's 4th.	P to Q's R's 7th.
51	R to B's (square.)	R to Q's R's (sq.)
52	P to K's B's 6th.	K to Q's B's 5th.
53	R to Q's R's (sq.)	K to Q's 5th.
54	K to K's 3d.	K takes P.
55	P to B's 7th.	R to K's B's (sq.)
56	R takes P.	R takes P.
57	R to B's 4th.	K to K's 6th.

[and Black proposes to consider the game a draw.]

[White consented to a draw, and congratulated the New York Committee on the able manner in which they conducted the game.]

The following message was then exchanged.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—New York also congratulates Philadelph a upon the termination of the first game of the match, a termination equally honorable to both parties, and which can be a source of no dissatisfaction to either.

Important engagements of several of the players prevent the game from being renewed at present.

We also give as a matter of reference the position occupied by the chessmen at the close of the game:

BLACK.—(New York.)—K at K Kt 3; R at Q R 4.

WHITE.—(Philadelphia.)—K at K6; K at Q B 2; P at K Kt 5.

Black to move.

It will be noticed that the thirty-seventh move of Black (R to Kt's 2d,) was its only one on the board which could have been made without loss. The last move of Black (R to Kt's 7th,) seems to have been more for the purpose of attacking than for taking a pawn, and is considered a brilliant one.

THE WHOLESALE POISONING IN ENGLAND.—A great deal of excitement has been occasioned by the wholesale poisoning of a large number of persons by means of lozenges. It seems that a man named Neale, a wholesale confectioner at Bradford, in Yorkshire, supplies the public with lozenges. He compounds his peppermint lozenges of nearly one-third plaster of Paris, which he has christened daft or alibi. This muck has been furnished him by a friend, a druggist. One day, Neale sends to Hodgson, his friend, for twelve pounds of "daft," to convert into peppermint lozenges. Hodgson is ill in bed, his shop in charge of an apprentice who is in that condition of youthful ignorance which "knows nothink." This apprentice, who, no doubt, had a notion that plaster of Paris was an article intended to cover a bruised shin, and who did not know daft from dough, went to his master for information. His master sends him into a cellar, where he will see a cask containing a white powder, and bids him give the messenger twelve pounds of that. Ignoramus proceeds to the cellar, and finds two casks, each containing white powder, and neither labelled. He rubs his eyes, and assures himself that he legitimately sees double. Not being able to tell "the other from which," he dives into one of the casks without going back to his master to ask for information and weighs up twelve pounds of ARSENIC! This deadly poison is duly conveyed to Neale, who works it up into peppermint lozenges. A man named Hardaker purchases forty pounds of these lozenges, and stationing himself in the crowded market place of Bradford, he attracts the populace to his stall, by shouting out "Penny an ounce! Penny an ounce! Peppermint lozenges! If one will warm you for a week, what will a pound do? A penny an ounce!" If it were not for the truly awful results, there would be something ludicrous in the rush of the ignorant country folks to buy these instruments of death, and the consequence has been that upwards of two hundred persons have been poisoned, seventeen deaths have occurred, and 194 persons are suffering from the effects of the poison. The facts of the case are heightened from the accident, as it is called, having its origin in a swindle. Supposing that the real daft had been served, two hundred of her Majesty's liege, yet daft subjects, might have been walking about sucking lozenges composed chiefly of plaster of Paris, the villainous compound being effectually disguised by the strong flavor of the peppermint. Sam Weller, in Pickwick, observes, with much force, that "weal pies is werry good ven you knows the lady as made 'em, and are quite sure they ain't cats." Of peppermint lozenges we may say, in future, "they are very good when you know the confectioner to be honest, and are quite sure they are not 'daft.'"

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A CHILD'S HEAD CUT OFF.—On Saturday, the 13th ult., while the steamer Morgan L. Martin was lying at the dock, in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, a son of the owner of the steamer, a boy some six or seven years old, was playing about the engine, and finally dropped something between the beams supporting the shaft, and stooped over to recover it. The engineer, entirely ignorant of the whereabouts of the boy, started the engine, and the crank revolving, came down and struck the boy on the back of the neck, completely severing the head from the body, without giving a moment's time to cry for help. The father being near, started, caught up the headless body, and the cry of "Oh, God!" which escaped the father's lips, chilled the heart's blood of every one that saw that awful sight and heard that heart-rending invocation. The father started immediately for Depere, where he resides, with the remains.

ADVANTAGE OF A LONG FOOT.—There was a foot-race in Iowa City, September 20, the prize for which was a silver cake basket. The distance was one hundred yards, and there were seven entries. Miss Handy and Mrs. Cross led the field handsomely, and they ran so even, breast and breast, that when they came in the judges were of opinion that it was a dead heat. Indeed, on measuring their tracks as imprinted on the score, the heels of both were found exactly parallel, but Miss Handy's foot extending, by reason of its length, four inches in advance of Mrs. Cross's, the prize was given in her favor.

PAY OF MAGAZINE WRITERS.—The Saturday Press, in an article on literary pay, says "that Harper's Magazine pays its writers from $7 50 to $10 per page; the Atlantic Monthly from $6 to $10; the Knickerbocker $3, which is equal to $5 for Harper and $6 for the Atlantic; the North American Review $1 50 per page.

NEWS ITEMS.

BEST GOVERNMENT JAVA coffee can be purchased in Japan at two cents per pound. Here's a chance for speculation.

WE infer from an article in the Catholic Miscellany, that the recent edict of the Pope against the use of the name of Mary, does not apply to the United States.

DEATH OF MRS. HOPE SCOTT.—The Scottish papers contain the following obituary: Died, at Edinburgh, November 2d, Mrs. Hope Scott. She was the grand daughter of Sir Walter Scott, and the daughter of Mr. John Gibson Lockhart. Like nearly all the descendants of the great Scottish novelist and poet, she has been cut off in the prime of life. She was married a few years since to Mr. Hope Scott, the eminent barrister, who took the latter surname, on his acceding to the Abbotsford estates.

A PRIESTLY MURDERER.—In a church at Mora, near Santa Fe, the parish rector, (an abbe from France,) officiating in the communion service, thought the wine tasted strangely; and beckoned to the attending acolyth, asking him whether there was not some mistake. The youth put to his lips the wine remaining on the credence tab'e, and in an hour afterwards the French clergyman was a corpse, the boy dying almost immediately after. The perpetrator of this incredible murder, belongs "to the cloth," it appears; and his provocation was jealousy!

OUR envoy to Mexico, Mr. Forsyth, being denied a sufficient escort by the government, left the city of Mexico, with a party of Americans, on the 25th. On his route, near Puebla, Mr. Forsyth had a rencontre with a band of robbers, and not only put them to rout, in self-defence, but recovered from them a small drove of mules, that they had stolen from a muleteer, but an hour or two before. The muleteer did not pretend to reclaim them, but Mr. Forsyth delivered them over to him, as he did not aspire to a conquest so Mexican. By letters received since his arrival, it appears that this little stage coach defence has made a terrible commotion in the great nation of Mexico.

RENEWED EXCITEMENT.—The New York Express states that extensive preparations are being made for a second attack upon the Quarantine establishment. Meetings have been held at Staten Island, and a large fund is being raised. The plan of the attack, says the Express, is entrusted to an officer of the United States army, who is to receive a large sum of money if successful.

THE Princess Mathilde, of France, has just received from the Sultan a most superb prayer carpet, the value of which is reported to be between three and four thousand pounds. The phrases from the poets, which form the border, such as "Rose of the Garden," "Bud of Delights," &c., &c., are woven in pearls and emeralds into the cloth of gold of which the carpet is composed, while the sentence from the Koran, which occupies the centre, is composed of diamonds of the most costly kind.

BAPTISED IN THE RIVER JORDAN.—An accomplished young lady from Albemarle, Virginia, was baptized recently in the river Jordan, by Dr. James T. Barclay, missionary in Jerusalem.

A "LAND LOCOMOTIVE" successfully traversed the streets of Dayton, Ohio, recently. It is designed for draft on the farm, and ploughing and threshing, and other labor, and for use on the highways.

A GOOD ANECDOTE of Professor Agassiz is told in a new volume in press at Boston. The Professor had declined to deliver a lecture before some lyceum or public society, on account of the inroads which previous lectures given by him had made upon his studies and habits of thought. The gentleman who had been deputed to invite him, continued to press the invitation, assuring him that the society were ready to pay him liberally for his services. "That is no inducement to me," replied Agassiz; "I cannot afford to waste my time in making money."

EXCHANGE OF SEWING MACHINES.—Peter Nelson, of South Troy, N. Y., finding that his wife loved another man better than himself, went to the "destroyer of his peace," and received of him, in lieu of his wife, $17 and a sewing machine, valued at $20.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.—In crossing the plains from Mendoza to San Luis, South America, Lieut. Strain met an intelligent American, who had crossed the Andes, and pushed his way thus far into the unfrequented regions of the South. The pursuit of science, Strain supposed, had led an enthusiastic votary to undertake this distant tour into the semi civilized region. Great was his astonishment to find that the traveller was an agent for an American patent medicine.

MRS. RACHEL HUNT and Mrs. Rachel Ayres, one aged 104 years, and the other 101 years, died in Hartford county, Md., last week. Both died on the same day—were buried on the same day.

COMPULSORY SHAVING NOT LEGAL.—Six colored barbers were fined $7 and costs, each, at Indianapolis, Indiana, a few days ago, for shearing the head of one of their companions against his will.

CONVICTION OF A POST-OFFICE CLERK FOR MAIL ROBBERY.—Frank Hill, a clerk in the Little Rock (Ark.) Post-Office, has been sentenced to hard labor in the State penitentiary for six years for robbing the mails. Among the robberies of Hill are a large number of letters, valuable and otherwise, mailed in Texas, Arkansas, and other places, addressed to parties in New York.

"A WIFE INSURANCE COMPANY."—Some of the principal capitalists of London are engaged in the formation of a new company for insurance from damage by fire. In consequence of the constantly occurring accidents, by which ladies, owing to the immensity of their dresses, are either burnt to death, or have a large portion of the valuable and extensive stock of drapery which they carry about them destroyed, these eminent financial gentlemen have determined to establish a Wife Insurance Company.

TOO TRUE.—A person whose vocation requires him to travel all over this great country, has been amusing himself by gathering statistics of politeness and bourishness among men and women travelling by cars and steamboats. Of twenty-three men whom he helped to a cigar-light, or loaned a newspaper, twenty said: "Thank you, sir." Of nineteen women to whom he paid a courtesy—such as giving up his seat—picking up a dropped veil, shawl, or the like, only seven said, "Thank you," and two of these were "furriners."

ALTERATIONS OF THE CALENDAR.—To equalize and ratify dates, several changes have been made in the mode of computing time. For the present, or nineteenth century, twelve days are to be deducted from the date to find the corresponding old style date; for the eighteenth century, eleven days, and for the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries, ten days. In 1582, Pope Gregory directed ten days to be omitted; in 1752, the British Parliament enacted that eleven days be omitted, and in 1800, it became necessary to omit another day.

MELANCHOLY AFFAIR.—Mr. Albert Close, of Greenfield, N. Y., having suffered much from the depredations of squirrels on his corn, which was stored in a shed adjoining his residence, procured a gun, a few days ago, and, loading it heavily, sent his daughter, about twelve years of age, into the shed to drive out the squirrels, while he took up a position outside of the building to shoot them as they came out. In this position he fired at the squirrels, when the charge went through the clapboards, taking effect in the head and neck of the child, lacerating it so terribly that she died in about twenty-four hours after the occurrence.

DISTINGUISHED HONOR TO AN AMERICAN INVENTOR.—At the last meeting of the Royal Polytechnic College of Falmouth, England, Mr. Thomas Silver, of Philadelphia, was awarded their highest medal for the invention and successful application of his marine engine governor to sea-going steamers.

JAPAN—THE DUTCH ISLAND OF DESIMA, &C.

We land upon the Dutch island of Desima, which is an artificial one, and separated from the city by a narrow moat, spanned by a very solid stone bridge. Bowing to the Dutchmen, as they salute us politely, we pass up the long, broad, macademized and cleanly street until we reach its centre; then we turn to the left, between the row of houses, pass through a gateway, with officers on each side, cross the bridge, and are in Nagasaki. As we pass through the gateway, we see Japanese in the office upon our right, who make a note of our number, appearance, &c., for the information of the Government. They also note every article which goes in or out, and sometimes stop such as are not allowed to be exported. This has been their custom for so long a time, that I suppose they now continue it as much from habit as anything else.

Nagasaki, we are told, contains from sixty to eighty thousand inhabitants, and we see that the houses are faultlessly clean, and that the streets are regular, and free from everything that can offend the eye or nose. This contrasts so strongly with the *Chinese* towns through which we have lately walked, that we breathe freely, and look around us with bright faces.—But hold on! I mistake. There is one thing which offends the eye at Nagasaki, as well as at all other Japanese places. This is the total absence of anything like propriety, which is observable in the dress—or rather in the *absence* of dress—of both sexes, male and female, old and young. There is no such thing as *propriety* in Japan, at least so far as the lower classes, and the *males* of the higher are concerned. How it is with Japanese *ladies* I cannot say, for we have never seen any. Leave the street a moment, and enter this public bathing house, and you see a scene which is one of the results of this absence of *propriety*. Here are persons of both sexes and of all ages, taking their semi-daily bath, as if surrounded by the strictest privacy. They are not at all alarmed at our presence. Let us turn from them and continue our walk.

Here we are at the foot of a high hill, upon the edge of the city. Look up its terraced sides and you see a massive flight of stone steps, or rather a succession of flights, at the extremity of which lie the ruins of a large temple lately burned down. There are two hundred and eighty three steps between us and the ruins, and a massive *copper* arch lifts itself over the end nearest us. The pillars of this arch are about five or six feet in diameter, and probably forty feet high. It is as *grand* a looking structure as you would expect to see in Greece or Italy. Ascend the half of these steps, walk a hundred yards to your right, and you come to a wax factory. Not where the wax of bees is prepared for export, but where the berries of the Japanese wax *tree* are dried, ground to powder, melted in large cauldrons, run off to cool, purified, run again into large blocks, and thus sold to the Dutch for export. I examined a piece of it once, and found it to smell like wax, but to taste more like tallow. It cannot be cheap, either, for the gentlemen of Desima complained of having lost money on it last year. Leaving this factory, we return by another route, and see unexpected heights at every turn. Here is a house whose walls are as neatly and tastefully papered as any in Philadelphia; more so, in fact, than a great many. Here is a "bull of burden," rigged out with *sleigh bells*. We think we know *everything* in the West, but I wonder how long "sleigh bells" were used in Japan before America was even discovered?—*Corres. Public Ledger.*

A DUEL DECLINED BY GOV. WISE'S SON.—Charles Irving, Esq., a former editor of the Lynchburg Virginian, and now the editor of the Danville (Va.) Democratic Journal, in a card, dated on the 17th ultimo, and published in the Richmond Whig, severely denounces O. Jennings Wise, Esq., editor of the Richmond Enquirer, in terms evidently intended to lead to a duel. Mr. Wise replies, in the Richmond Enquirer, denouncing Irving as a brutish sot and mendacious slanderer, and announcing his intention not to stake his own valuable life against Irving's "worthless" one. Mr. Wise is under bonds in the sum of $3,000 to keep the peace, and Charles Irving under bonds in the sum of $2,000.

DEATH OF DR. J. L. COMSTOCK.—Dr. John L. Comstock, widely known as the author of valuable text-books on natural philosophy, chemistry, &c., died at Hartford, Connecticut, on Sunday, November 21. He was a native of Lyme, Connecticut, served in the war of 1812, and devoted many years to the preparation of school books. His "Natural Philosophy" had a sale of half a million of copies. Dr. Comstock was noted for great mechanical ingenuity. He made the most of his own apparatus, and could work in metals and glass with great skill and neatness. He was a very good draftsman, and drew the most of the diagrams employed in illustrating his works.

☞ Lord Gardstone was an invalid, and made special inquiry after those persons who had testified to remarkable cures. He found that two-thirds of the number died very soon after they had given their certificates.

☞ The only real thing on earth, I have always felt, was love; love under all its forms. —*Lamartine.*

☞ The commissioners employed in running the boundary between Virginia and Tennessee find the line so crooked that they have all become cross-eyed and subject to fits of vertigo. —*Prentice.*

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₱ lb	8 a10
Sir loin steak	16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a$4
Chuck pieces "	8 a11	Whole carcase	8 a 9
Pickled and navel's corned "	6 a 9	*Veal.*	
Tongues, smoked	62 a75	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	8
Leg, each	31 a$3	Hind "	10
Shin	20 a25	Chop "	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Cutlet "	12½
Liver, ₱ lb	5 a 8	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ₱ lb	14 a16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	75 a$1	Sa t and fresh, lb	10 a12
Hind "	1,00a1,25	Feet, ₱ set	10½a25
Chop, ₱ lb	10 a12	Tripe, ₱ lb	4 a 6
Calves head, each	25 a30	Lard "	10 a12
		Hams, sliced "	14 a15
		Sausage "	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ₱ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Beetroots potatoes, ₱ bushel	1,25	Do do, ₱ lb	6 a 8
Sweet potatoes ₱ bbl	75a1,00	Corn cob's, ₱ bus	75a1,00
Cabbages, ₱ head	3 a6	Onions, bus	60
Squashes, ₱ bush	87½a$1	Parsnips, each	2 a10

FRUIT.

Apples, ₱ bbl	1,00	Apples ₱ bf ph	25 a31

POULTRY AND GAME.

Chickens, ₱ pair	75 a1,25	Pheasants	1,25
Teal ₱ pair	62 a1,00	Partridges	50
Canvas-Backed "	1,50	Rat ₱ doz	25 a 37
Wild Duck ₱ pr	25	Chickens, ₱ lb	10 a12
Red Head "	1,00	Pork Pig's ns, pair	25 a37
Rabbits apiece	10 a12	Venison ₱ lb	25

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₱ bbl	00 a75	N Y do, ₱ bbl,	16,00 16,00
Do, ₱ M	16,00a20,00	Terrapins (Chesa Del)	9,00 a12,00
Morris River Coves, ₱ M	10,00 a12,00	Lobsters, ₱	20

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	22 a 40	Roe Fish, ₱	12
Eggs, ₱ doz	22 a28	Do t do, lb	12
Honey, box	12 a20	Mackerel	10
Codfish	6 a 8	Sm'kd Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod	5 a 6	Sausage meat ₱ roll	12½
Halibut, lb	12		

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NOV. 27.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour quiet; sales of 9000 bush. Wheat dull. Corn firm; sales of 20,000 bush. Mess Pork has advanced 15c; sales at $17.30@17,50. Whiskey firm; holders demand advance of 2½c.

LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA,

Jaundice, Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach, such as Constipation, Piles, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Horried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering of the Heart, Choking Sensation when lying down, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Sudden Flushes of Heat, and Great Depression of Spirits, are speedily and permanently cured by HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, sold at 75 cents per bottle, by the proprietors, Dr. C. M. JACKSON & Co. 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and by all druggists and dealers in medicines in the United States and Canadas.

JOHN C. MEAD & SONS, corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, have just completed a great improvement in Tea and Coffee Sets, whereby they can be placed on stoves and fires to boil tea and coffee. They are of their own *manufacture*, richly chased, and warranted of the finest quality. J. C. M. & Sons have also on hand *most superior* Waiters, Castors, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Meat and Vegetable Dishes, Goblets, Communion Sets, &c., and every article in Silver Plated Ware *warranted* of the best quality.

DYSPEPSIA can be, and is cured by the use of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER. This is the most wonderful and valuable medicine ever known for this disease, its action upon the system is entirely different from any other preparation ever known. The patient while taking this medicine may eat anything the appetite craves. Sold by all medicine dealers.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—This is a remedy for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and the numerous disorders of the stomach. It was discovered by a regular physician, after years of research. It is unlike all other medicines, and extracts the disease by its roots, leaving no vestige behind.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE.—First class goods constantly on hand. The subscriber paying cash for every article is enabled to sell goods at very low prices. THOS. W. BAILY, 622 Market Street, Philada. nr11-18t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, Mr. HENRY R. ALLEN, to Miss MARY E. THORN, daughter of Thos. Thorn, Esq. both of this city.

On the 19th of Oct. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JEREMIAH REA, to Miss ANNIE McCOY, both of this city.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. Beggs, Mr. JOHN B. HOLMAN, of Douglasville, to Miss EMMA CARPENTER, of Roxborough, Philada.

On the 24th of Aug. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. COURTLAND Y. WHITE, to Miss MARGARET LUFFERTY.

In Manayunk, on the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. GEORGE B. RAYNER, of Sinsminson Hollow, to Miss CLARA L. VAUGHAN, of Flat Rock, Manayunk.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, Dr. THOMAS C. WILLIAMS, to Mrs. MATILDA C. BINNS.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. J. R. Anderson, WILLIAM H. CAMP, of Newark, N. J. to Miss AMELIA FLETCHER, daughter of Jas. W. Fletcher, Esq. of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, FRANCIS MAHAN, Esq. to Miss MIRA K. CONDON, daughter of the late W. Condon, Esq both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. MIRIAM HORNER, aged 67 years.

On the 23d ultimo, MARIA JANE, wife of the late Thos. Minshall.

On the 23d ultimo, MATILDA FISHER, aged 51.

On the 22d ultimo, MARY, wife of Andrew J Phile, aged 24 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. MARIA GILLEN, aged 56 years.

On the 23d ultimo, JOHN DORSEN, aged 44

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. SARAH SIMMONS, aged 74 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. SARAH HECK, aged 78.

At Frankford, on the 21st ultimo, Mrs. ALICE D. WAGNER, aged 31 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. JANE SEBASTIAN, aged 105 years.

On the 21st ultimo, ABIGAIL HAHN.

On the 22d ultimo, SUSANNA ROBERTS, aged 71.

On the 21st ultimo, MAURICE MAHON, aged 74.

On the 20th ultimo, JOSEPH E. MAGEE, aged 33 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " '64	105	—
" " '67	113½	—
" " '68	112½	—
" 5 " coupon '74	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	103	105
" " new	105	106
" 5 "	91¼	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	65	—
" 6 coupon	—	65
Allegh City 6 pr ct	69	—
" County "	56	—
R R issue	80	81½
" County 6 pr ct	—	—
Penn 6 pr ct	101	—
" 5 " coupon	—	97
" 5 "	85½	85½
Tenn 6 pr ct	92½	—
" 5 " coupon	—	83½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104½	—
Missouri 6 "	69	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	95	—
Virginia 6 "	93½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	89	—
Ca. State 7 pr ct new bonds	90	—
N Y City 6 pr ct	110	—
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	146½	—
Philadelphia	116	—
Far & Mec	99	99½
Commercial	80	—
N Liberty	60	—
Mechanics	28	28½
Southwark	67	—
P Township	94	95
Kensington	66	—
Girard	11½	12
Western	66	—
Man & Mech	26½	27
Commerce	69½	70
Tradesman's	64½	—
City	45	46
Consolidation	25½	26
Commonwealth	—	—
Corn Exchange	21½	22
Germantown	53	—
Pittsburg, Pitsb'g	54	—
Exchange	52	—
Kentucky Ky.	117	119
Northern "	120	121½
Louisville "	102	105
Farmers "	121	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	93	—
Planters "	104	104½
N O Gas Light	125½	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas	—	—
Light Co "	22½	—
Lehigh Zinc "	1	1½
New Creek "	1	—
New Brunswick "	3	5
N America Ins'ance	14	16
N Liberties Gas	28	—
Southwark & Frankford RR	26	27
Bonds	94	100
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	102	103
2nd " "	91	91½
" stock		
Interest off	42½	43½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	95
" stock	116½	117
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	82½	83
mort 6's '44	92	92
" '58	73½	—
" stock	23½	23½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	—	97
" stock	40	40
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	37	—
6 pr ct loan '60	101½	102
Ches Val R R	73	33½
Tioga R R	73	—
Wilm'n & Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	73½
2d "	52½	52½
" stock	10	10½
Catawissa	61	62
Beaver Meadow stock	53½	—
preferred 10 pr ct	60	—
North Penna R R stock	8½	8
6 pr ct loan	60½	—
Phi Ger & Nor RR stock	57½	58
6 pr ct loan	80	—
Minehill R R 6 pr ct loan	60	62½
Har and Lan R R stock	58½	60
bonds '85	97	—
L Schuylkill R R stock	30	30½
Long Island R R stock	11½	12
bonds	85½	84½
Erie R R stock	15½	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central "	93½	93½
Michigan Centra "	55½	—
Illinois "	87½	87½
Michigan Southern	27½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '32	71½	71½
imp. 6 pr ct	86	87
stock	8½	9½
preferred	19½	16½
Lehigh Nav stock	50	—
mort 6 pr ct	—	100
scrip "	29½	30
Morris Canal'd	50	50
preferred	100	—
Ches & Del bonds	23½	45
	76	73
Union	2	—
Union bonds	35	30
Sus & Tidewater	7	8
bonds 1870	34½	35

HONEY! THE BEST OF HONEY! I have a valuable receipt for making Honey, which I will send to any person upon the receipt of One Dollar. It can be made in small quantities at 6 cents per pound, and cannot be told from the genuine Bee Honey. Any person who will make and sell it, can clear from Four to Five Dollars a day; it only requires five articles to make it, and they can be had at any store for Fifty Cents.—Every family should have this delightful luxury, for any lady can make it in fifteen minutes, at any time. Address N. R. GARDNER no20-4t Peace Dale, R. I.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 96 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, November 27, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Solvent banks	¼ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Crawford	10 dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
DELAWARE.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		LOUISIANA.	
Baltimore	¼ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	OHIO.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank	½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
VERMONT.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old banks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	WISCONSIN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	TEXAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	½ to 1½ dis	CANADA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ to 1½ dis		

LINENS.

L. J. LEVY & CO.,

Beg to call attention to the Superior Stock of LINENS AND HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS they have now in store, which consists in part of

4-4 IRISH SHIRTING LINENS.
BARNSLEY SHEETINGS, ALL WIDTHS.
DAMASK CLOTHS & NAPKINS.
TOWELS & TOWELLINGS.
White and Colored Marseilles Quilts,
DAMASK TABLE LINENS.

The whole of which they offer at the lowest Market Prices.

ALSO,

ONE THOUSAND PAIRS OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BLANKETS (of all sizes).

WHOLESALE & RETAIL,
809 AND 811 CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

NEW BOOKS FOR AGENTS,
SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

WANTED.—An Agent in every County, to engage in the sale of beautifully ILLUSTRATED WORKS. Circulars, giving full information, with Terms to Agents, and a full list of my Publications, sent on application. Address,
DUANE RULISON, Publisher,
sr4-tf No. 33 S. Third St., Phila., Pa.

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post-paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, dec4-13t 181 William Street, New York.

SIXTEEN YEARS IN THE
WILDS OF AFRICA.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED,

to sell *DR. LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS* during a residence of Sixteen Years in the Wilds of Africa. This is a work of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes among savage beasts and more savage men. Dr. Livingstone was alone and unaided by any white man, travelling with African attendants, among different tribes and nations, all strange to him, and many of them hostile, and alt

Wit and Humor.

AN ELECTION RALLY.

Faxon, the "local" of the Buffalo Republic, got off the following "load" at the recent election on his own account:

VOTERS!

Only a few hours will intervene before you will be called upon to exercise your rights as freemen, and at the ballot-box your state preferences for rulers and officers.

BE PREPARED!

DON'T WEAR YOUR BEST CLOTHES!

Patriotism doesn't require the sacrifice of your other clothes for the sake of the Union.

ROLL UP YOUR TROWSERS AND GO IN!

VOTE EARLY!

VOTE FREQUENTLY!

VOTE OFTEN!

KEEP ON VOTING!

When you get well known at one ward go to another, but vote manfully, and for whom you like, and frequently—we insist, frequently.

DON'T VOTE FOR GENERAL JACKSON!

For he is dead.

RALLY! RALLY!! RALLY!!!

TO THE POLLS!

Save your country! Save your wife and children! Vote that those orphans may enjoy hereafter the political privileges you are now enjoying, and let not the traitor and treason strike them down. If they do hit, hit back—our whole human nature calls on you to hit back. We need not suggest hitting hard when you hit.

See that the infirm are brought to the polls in one horse wagons. Don't put the beggars on horseback—we need not remind our readers where they will go.

VOTE UNTIL SUNDOWN!

DON'T LOSE A CHANCE!

PUT IN ALL THE VOTES YOU CAN!

GO IT! GO IT!! GO IT!!!

Swear in your votes! If you can't swear your votes in, swear at the inspectors of the election. Have a swear at somebody, at all events.

VOTE ALWAYS!

Never mind your dinner or supper, but stay at the polls and vote.

DRINK CONSIDERABLY!

The more you drink the better you will feel. Moreover the candidates pay for the liquor. See that there's nothing left over, therefore.

In conclusion, we would say,

CONTINUE VOTING ALL DAY!

A PRETTY SHARP RETORT.—On Saturday, two young ladies, very genteely dressed, were riding along Fifth street in a 'bus. One of them, whose features were more remarkable for an excessive prominence of nose than anything else, exhibited to the other a daguerreotype of herself, which she said had just been taken down town, and they were engaged in discussing its merits, when an elderly lady got into the 'bus at the corner of Elm and Fifth. She was evidently one of those inquisitive yet good-natured souls who take a deal of innocent liberty in the world without thinking any harm. After riding a square or so she reached out her hand, and said to the lady with the picture: "Please let me look at it." Her modest request was met with an indignant frown, and the reply, as the case was returned to the lady's pocket, "It's none of *your* business!"

The old lady settled back in her seat very complacently, when the companion of the one with the picture, asked: "What do you wish to do with it?" "Oh, nothing," replied the old lady, "I only wanted to see how successfully the artist has put such a nose on so small a plate!"

The omnibus was full, and the shout of laughter which followed the retort could have been heard a full square. The lady with the daguerreotype covered her face with her veil, and dropt the subject during the remainder of the ride.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

WHY HE BET ON HIM.—A Virginian relates an anecdote of Mr. Wise's famous stumping tour before the last gubernatorial election. He was introduced to a famous character of their county, Mr. F———, when the following conversation occurred:

Mr. F. "Glad to see you, Mr. Wise!"

Mr. W. "Happy to see you, Mr. F."

Mr. F. "Sorry I can't *vote* for you, Mr. Wise."

Mr. W. "Sorry for that, too; but this is a free country—a man can vote as he pleases."

Mr. F. "But I'll *bet* on you, Mr. Wise."

Mr. W. "Glad to hear that from you, Mr. F———, as you are a man of discernment in all betting matters."

Mr. F. "Let me tell you a story. Some years ago I was at the Richmond races. There were several fine-looking horses entered. Presently they led in the *ugliest, rawboniest, scrawniest* looking beast that ever you *did* see; but he had *fire* in his eye. I got any odds I pleased, and won every bet. So, if I can't *vote* for you, Mr. Wise, I'll go my death betting for you!"

Wise laughed heartily, and accepted the remarks of Mr. F——— as a good omen; which was in a few weeks afterwards verified by the result of the election.

IN SEARCH OF HER.—A member of the South Carolina Legislature, an old bachelor by the name of Evans, got off the following *jeu d'esprit* recently:

He was introduced to a beautiful widow, also named Evans. The introduction was in this wise:

"Mrs. Evans, permit me to present to you Mr. Evans."

"Mrs. Evans!" exclaimed the spirited bachelor, "the very lady I have been in search of for the last eight years!"

PICKLED WALNUTS AND A WONDERFUL PARROT.—The Charleston Mercury says that a certain lady, who was famous for making good pickled walnuts, and was very fond of eating them, too, one season discovered that her jars were empty before she had fairly tasted her favorite pickle. She called her servants to account, but each one denied having meddled with the jars, and the good lady determined, if possible, to find out the thief. So she made another fine lot of pickles, and placed them on the shelf in the same store-room, keeping a daily watch upon them. To her great surprise, she discovered no other than her pet parrot to be the pilferer of her pickle jars. She caught him hooking out the walnuts with his crooked beak, and in her anger she dashed upon him a pitcher of hot water, which she chanced to have in her hand.

Poor Poll was in a sad plight, both in suffering and appearance; his bright feathers all fell out, and he was long in this naked condition, nursed by the pity of his forgiving mistress.—During this period of probation, a venerable friend of the lady, who was quite bald, one day came to visit her. Poll waddled quietly into the parlor, and, climbing upon the back of the old gentleman's chair, seemed for some time to be intently examining his bald head; then, growing bolder, he got upon his shoulder, and, with beak upon the bald spot, cried:—

"So, so, you've been at the pickled walnuts, too, have you!"

Extraordinary as this story seems, we know a gentleman at Bridgeport, Ct., (Capt. Brooks) who has a parrot that has said equally remarkable things. A visiting clergyman was taking breakfast at Captain Brooks's hospitable table, one morning, when the parrot, observing that the visitor was most liberally helped to beefsteak, exclaimed:

"Well, I think you have had your share," or words to that effect.

This rude speech of "pretty Poll" must have annoyed the hospitable captain; but the guest readily understood that it was merely a repetition of a remark which the parrot had heard applied to herself on some previous occasion.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

PREPARED FOR A BAPTISM.—Wisdom is not likely to die with all Scotchmen, "canny" as they are admitted to be in general, if we are to believe a story in an English journal to this effect:

A Fifeshire man brings his child to the minister to be baptized, who asks him—

"Are you prepared for so important, so solemn an occasion?"

"*Prepared!*" he echoes, with some indignation; "I hae a friot o' bannocks bakin', twa bacon hams, a gude fat kebbuck, an' a gallon o' the best Hielan' whuskey; an' I wad just like to ken what better preparation ye could expeck frae a man in my condition o' life!"

He meant "the christening" at home.

GETTING A CALL FOR A SPEECH.—At a political meeting in Indiana, the other day, a speaker named Long responded to a loud call, and took the stand; but a big strapping fellow persisted in crying out, in a stentorian voice, "Long!—Long!" This caused a little confusion, but after some difficulty in making himself heard, the President succeeded in stating that Mr. Long, the gentleman honored by the call, was now addressing them. "Oh, he be blamed!" replied the fellow; "he's the little skeezicks that told me to call for Long!" This brought down the house.

SERIOUS THING FOR BROWN,

Who rather prides himself upon the elegant manner with which he takes off his hat. This time, however, although the hat is removed, the lining sticks.

Agricultural.

"MY EXPERIENCE" WITH WINTER BUTTER.

"Winter butter" carries to most minds the idea of a white, bitter, unsavory article, as different from that made in June as two things bearing the same name can be. There are reasons for this—reasons in the management of cows and cream—but I am only intending to give you a bit of my experience in churning. The first winter that I kept a cow I had a day's job at churning—I remember it well, for there was considerable of the amusing as well as vexatious about it—and I found out what the great trouble was—*the cream was too cold.* Since then, when I have anything to do with churning—and that "when" usually comes twice or more a week—I try to have the cream *just warm enough.*—Then the butter comes in from fifteen to forty minutes, and in good condition, too, if rightly managed.

To get the cream "just warm enough," various methods are practiced. The best way, to my notion, is to set the cream-pot in a warm room, and stir it occasionally. If in a hurry, set it in a vessel of warm water, and stir until it comes to the proper temperature. Do not *melt the cream;* if you do it will never make butter. It only needs to be warmed slightly—just so that it feels *a little warm to the finger.* Sometimes when I find after churning awhile, that the cream is still too cold, I set the churn near the fire, leaving it (with occasional stirs) for a time, or more frequently, if in a hurry, I pour a little hot water into the churn, keeping the dash going all the while, so that none of the cream gets scalded. This operates like a charm—"my Dutchman," who wields the dasher of late, tells me "it is good,"—as it often brings the butter in three minutes.

When the cream "froths up," or thickens up until it will float the dasher, you may be sure it is too cold. You may churn if you like, but "the mischief is in it," and the butter will refuse to appear until the cream warms. Possibly you may warm it by churning, but it is a great saving of time, patience, and "elbow-grease," to warm it some other way.

In the day's churning before referred to, the cream "frothed up" badly. We put in warm water—we set the churn in a tub of hot water—we tried it with a thermometer and found it too warm, and cooled it down with snow, and churned and churned, and all to no avail. Finally, setting the churn in hot water, we concluded to "boil it out," and then, with a few minutes churning, it came. The buttermilk fairly steamed with heat as we opened the churn to take out the butter, and was about blood warm, or so it seemed, and the butter soft and white enough. No wonder, after all the experiments tried upon it, and all the beating it had received—but we learned a lesson by which we have escaped all such trials since that day. We get our cream *just warm enough* at first, trying it with the finger (which is better than any thermometer,) and churning moderately on commencing, warm up as we proceed, and soon bring the churning to a close.

If one has good cream in winter, they can make good butter. To get the first, one must have good, well-fed, and *comfortably* kept cows, an even temperature to raise the cream, and churn often before it gets bitter or rancid.—There is more in managing the cream properly than most people think there is—especially those who keep but few cows, and give no great attention to the subject. I would renew my expression of the hope "that our dairymen will favor you with frequent communications of their experience."—*Country Gentleman.*

SLOW PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.

In Young's time, farmers very rarely ventured beyond the boundaries of their own locality; the market or the Fairs were their chief opportunities of intercourse, and there was too much eagerness to sell or buy, too much excitement from beer, to enable them to discuss anything of an improving tendency. Besides, the farmer was a man of prejudices; he would scarcely look over a hedge to watch the progress of an experiment. When the father of Mr. George Turner, of Barton, Devon, the well-known breeder of Devon cattle and Leicester sheep, who had learned something in his visits with stock to Holkham, began to drill turnips, a well-to-do neighbor looked down from the dividing bank, and said to his son, "I suppose your father will be sowing pepper out of a cruet next!" A Mr. Cooper, who went into Dorsetshire from Norfolk, could only get his turnips hoed by working himself year after year with his laborers, and refusing to be tired out by their deliberate awkwardness, for the purpose of defeating his design. After he had continued the practice for twenty years, and all the surrounding farmers had witnessed the vast benefits to be derived from it, not a single one had begun to imitate him. Mr. Cooper, with two horses abreast, and no driver, ploughed an acre of land, while his neighbors, with four horses and a driver, ploughed only three-quarters of an acre. Yet not a laborer would touch this unclean implement, as they seemed to think it, and no farmer, with such an example before his eyes, chose to save on each plough the wages of a man, the keep of two horses, and the extra expenditure incurred by the diminished amount of work performed in the day. No longer ago than 1835, Sir Robert Peel presented a Farmer's Club at Tamworth with two iron ploughs of the best construction. On his next visit, the old ploughs with the wooden mouldings were again at work. "Sir," said a member of the Club, "we tried the iron, and we be all of one mind, that they make the weeds grow." When Young recommended the Dorsetshire farmers to fold their ewes, they treated the idea with contempt, saying, "The flock, in rushing out of the fold, would tread down the lambs." Jethro Tull said, that the sowing of artificial grasses was so long before it became common among farmers, that though Mr. Blith wrote of it in Cromwell's time, yet thirty years ago (about 1770), when any farmer in the country was advised to sow clover, he was certain to say, "Gentlemen might sow it if they pleased; but they (the farmers) must take care to pay their rent." And now the case is so much altered that, though rents are increased, and the profit of clover is less since it has become common, they cannot pretend to pay their rent without sowing it.—*Phillips's Progress of Agriculture.*

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.—I saw an article on breaking heifers, which I consider very inhuman, to say the least of it. Kindness to the animals under our care is always the best. I will give you my way of breaking. Fasten them by the head so that they can't get away, next take up the fore foot on the side that you milk—have a strap with a buckle on one end, and buckle the foot up tight to the fore-arm, so that the heifer can't get her foot to the ground. Doing so, she can't kick if she tries, and does away with the necessity of a man standing, gad in hand, to whip and abuse the poor animal. I have practiced the above way of breaking heifers for the last ten years, and have never known it to fail.—*Correspondent of Rural New Yorker.*

BOTS IN HORSES.

A great deal has been written and said about these grub-like creatures, and not a little of it has been sheer nonsense. The veterinary profession is indebted to Mr. Bracy Clark for a pleasing essay on the bot, and his history begins with the desposition of the egg of the gadfly, upon the skin of the horse, that the ova being licked off and carried into the stomach, that its operculum is thrown open, and a small, active worm is produced. How far this theory is correct you may judge by the examination of the specimen I send you—upon an examination of this specimen you will perceive the primitive bot, gradually forcing its way from between the coats of the stomach, taking into consideration, that the colt from which this specimen was taken, *was only one year old.* Again, I have frequently found a great number of bots in the stomachs of horses that have been destroyed on account of some accident befalling them. I have also found them in sucking colts, and in all cases when the animal was in health at the time of destruction, the bot was found in its proper nidus—the insensible coat of the stomach. I mention these facts to show that, although the stomach may be thickly studded with bots, the horse at the same time will be in perfect health; I believe that the bot is as *necessary to the health of the horse, as a scavenger to the health of a city.* These facts have been fully demonstrated to the practical surgeon. There are cases where the stomach has been eaten through, and the pyloric orifice choked up. Again, I have found them in the gullet, endeavoring to find a new situation—their natural situation (the stomach of the horse) being rendered obnoxious by some other disease, rendering the mucus upon which they exist unpalatable.

I will mention, for the information of owners of horses, that in all my practice, I have yet to treat the first case where bots were the *cause* or origin of disease. Nine cases out of ten in which horses manifest uneasy symptoms, they are drugged by the inexperienced for bots, and the thousand and one receipts to kill them are poured down the animal's throat at the risk of his life. Experience has taught that the strongest acids will not destroy, or cause the bot to loosen its hold. But suppose these powerful remedies could be given, with safety, to the horse, (by the way, any other part of the stomach but that to which the bot attaches itself, is very sensitive,) how are they to reach the mouth of the bot, buried, as it is, in mucus? There is, I say unhesitatingly, no medicine that can be given with safety to the horse that will destroy the bots; and if there was, are we sure that when the bot is dead, it would be detached? The specimen I send you warrants me in answering *no.* Then I say, let them alone, and do not believe that every symptom of uneasiness in your horse, is occasioned by the bots eating him up. Examine well the cause, and you will probably find there is some derangement of the stomach, intestines or the urinary organs.—T. WEAN, *in Ohio Farmer.*

A CURIOUS INVENTION.—Among the French inventions of the day, is one for increasing the produce of autumn wheat, by M. D'Urcle. The inventor grounds his discovery upon the alleged fact that autumn wheat is not an annual, but biennial, like the beet-root and carrot class, and he therefore proceeds to develope the alleged biennial properties by a novel plan of planting and treatment for the increase of the produce. The ground is to be well manured, either before winter or at the beginning of spring, to receive the seed between the 20th of April and the 10th of May, this time being chosen to prevent the chance of blossoming during the year. But the time of sowing may be advanced from year to year. Each grain is sown separately, allowing it a large area of ground if the soil is rich, but diminishing according to its sterility. It is deposited in rows, in holes at regular distances, from nine and a half to twenty-three and a half inches asunder, in each direction, the holes in one row opposite the spaces in the next. Each hole is to contain four or five grains, two and a half inches asunder. When the plants have attained a height of four inches, all but the finest one in each group are pulled up, and the single one is then left for the harvest of the succeeding year. This curious process is stated to increase the produce very greatly.

☞ The smallest compliment we receive from another, confers more pleasure than the biggest compliment we pay to ourselves!

BEAUTY OF THE GARDEN LAWN.—The great beauty of this ornament to the garden consists in having it soft to tread on, and a beautiful bright green color; this can be effected by mowing frequently, at least once every three weeks during the growing season; and, in a very few years, by this operation, the roots become so close and thick, that the rays of the sun will scarcely have power to turn it brown. After each mowing, the lawn must be neatly swept, and then rolled with a roller of iron. The edges of the walk should be kept trimmed, so as to present a clean, unbroken line. Such a lawn is improved by occasionally sowing a little dwarf Dutch clover, and, if to be obtained, a little "chamomile anthemis;" this latter, when pressed beneath the foot, exhales a most delicious perfume, is thick, soft, and velvety to the tread, the color being a darker and more beautiful green than the grass—it spreads and thickens by the constant use of the scythe. A lawn kept in this style is certainly always an object of delight to the eye, and preferable to the finest carpet for the foot; but if not neatly kept, it would better be omitted altogether from the garden. The form of lawns must depend on the extent, the surface, or on individual taste.—*Philadelphia North American.*

ANOTHER CURE FOR GARGET.—A cow for which I paid $85, came from her pasture with her udder caked "as hard as a brick." I milked her as well as I could, getting but little milk, it being so thick that I had to pull it out with my fingers. I then made a strong decoction of wormwood, thickened a little with Indian meal and rubbed it in thoroughly with the hand. I repeated it in the morning, getting away all the coagulated milk possible, and at night found my favorite as well as ever.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Useful Receipts.

CURE FOR BUNIONS.—Bunions may be checked in their early development by binding the joint with adhesive plaster, and keeping it on as long as any uneasiness is felt. The bandaging should be perfect, and it might be well to extend it round the foot. An inflamed bunion should be poulticed, and larger shoes be worn. Iodine 12 grains, lard or spermaceti ointment ½ an ounce, makes a capital ointment for bunions. It should be rubbed on gently twice or thrice a day. Enlarged joints should be rubbed thrice a day with common salad oil, care being taken at the same time, not to strain or overtax the feet by too great or too frequent exercise. Slippers, and *loose* ones, should invariably be worn. Of shoes I may say the same thing; on no account have tight-fitting shoes, slippers, or boots.—*London Field.*

WORCESTERSHIRE (ENGLAND) METHOD OF CIDER MAKING.—As soon as your apples are ripe, collect them in heaps on the grass; by no means house them, as your drink will inevitably be musty. After they are ground and pressed, pass the liquid through a flannel bag to strain off any bits of skin or core that may have passed through the hair cloths; put it at once into casks, do not touch it until it has done fermenting; then bung down. Any addition is quackery and injurious to the drink. Sulphuring casks is a villainous practice.—*Corres. of London Gardener's Chronicle.*

TO COLOR A BRIGHT BLUE.—Having noticed an inquiry as to the mode of coloring bright blue, I will give our method. For silk or cotton, take a piece of prussiate of potash half the size of a walnut; half an ounce of copperas; dissolve in three pints of soft water, then add eight or ten drops of oil of vitriol. When scalding (not boiling) hot, dip your cloth in, wet it thoroughly with the dye, and wring out as soon as possible—when dry, rinse in cold water. For flannel or silk take the compound of vitriol and indigo, (which can be found at any druggists,) stir thoroughly into soft boiling water, according to the shade you desire, set with a little alum. A beautiful green may be obtained by adding the same compound to a strong yellow dye set with alum.—*Corres. of Rural New Yorker.*

CRACKED WHEAT.—Take plump, clean *winter* wheat—if not *winter* the best quality of *spring* wheat; grind *coarsely* in a hand mill; stir into 5 quarts of boiling water—*soft* water—one quart of the ground grain—boil moderately for four or five hours, stirring occasionally. When desired to be eaten *cold*, mould in dishes and serve up with sugar and cream. Lest it should burn, it should be cooked in a tin vessel set into a kettle filled with water.—*Mrs. L. E. Jackson.*

THE BEST MODE OF DRYING PUMPKINS.—We love pumpkin pies, even when there is an abundance of tree fruits, and we shall this year love them all the more because the tree fruits are scarce. We have tried all modes of drying pumpkins, but no plan is, we think, equal to the one we recommended a year ago, and which we have recently tried on a larger scale than hitherto. It is this:—Take the ripe pumpkins, pare, cut into small pieces, stew soft, mash and strain through a colander, as if for making pies. Spread this pulp on plates in layers, not quite half an inch thick; dry it down in the stove oven kept at so low a temperature as not to scorch it. In about a day it will become dry and crisp. The sheets thus made can be stowed away in a dry place, and they are then always ready for use for pies or sauce. Soak the pieces over night in a little milk, and they will return to a nice pulp, as delicious as the fresh pumpkin—we think much more so. The quick drying after cooking, prevents any portion from slightly souring, as is always the case when the uncooked pieces are dried; the flavor is much better preserved, and the after cooking is saved. This plan is quite as little trouble as the old mode, to say nothing of the superiority in the quality of material obtained. Try it and you will not return to the old method we are sure, and you will also become a greater lover of pumpkin pie "the year round," and feel less the loss of the fruit crop.—*American Agriculturist.*

☞ The Chinese pretend to despise European ingenuity, but they cannot mend a common watch. When it is out of order they say it is dead, and barter it away for a living one.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 4, 25, 18, 11, is an animal.
My 7, 13, 9, 27, 11, 33, is a man's name.
My 34, 20, 5, 23, 30, is a lady's name.
My 26, 8, 11, 31, 29, 28, 8, 23, is one of the United States.
My 29, 30, 22, 8, 1, 28, 16, is one of the United States.
My 17, 6, 8, 33, 12, 13, is a county in Ohio.
My 32, 16, 19, 16, 7, is a man's name.
My 21, 3, 35, 15, is a lady's name.
My 2, 33, 20, 14, 15, is a point of the compass.
My 15, 1, 35, is an article worn by a gentleman.
My 6, 18, 30, 22, 24, is something of which children are fond.
My 14, 10, 30, 28, 8, 2, 16, 25, is one of the United States.
My 22, 29, 6, 16, is a game.
My 31, 11, 1, 30, 35, is a county in Kentucky.
My 4, 27, 23, 6, 15, is a kind of wood.

My whole is what every one should be.

Cincinnati, Ohio. HUGO.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 1, 3, 2, 3, 6, 2, is a county in New York.
My 2, 5, 7, 8, 10, is a town in New Hampshire.
My 3, 5, 7, is an animal.
My 4, 5, 3, 2, 10, 1, 8, is a county in Alabama.
My 5, 5, 3, is a river in Switzerland.
My 6, 2, 1, 3, 8, is a river in South America.
My 7, 8, 3, 6, 2, 5, is a town in Russia.
My 8, 6, 2, 1, 5, is a river in Russia.
My 9, 5, 3, 3, 2, 6, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 10, 2, 9, 7, 8, 10, is a town in Georgia.

My whole was a battle fought in the American Revolution. AMERICAN.

CHARADE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is what the war horse saith
Amid the trumpets' bray;
My second is a garment fine,
Worn by the grave and gay.
My whole delights the laborer's heart,
And well rewards his toil;
Brings to his barn the loaded cart,
And gives him wine and oil.

Boston, Mass.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first no doubt you've eaten
Very oft, and thought it prime;
Perhaps 'tis on the table
This day at dinner time.

My second is a verb
Used in writing more or less;
Guess it quickly when I say
Action it does not express.

And in the pleasant country,
Upon some grassy knoll,
'Mid trees and fragrant flowers
Is often seen my whole.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.

Erase my 1, 2, 6, 8, and transpose, and I am a body of water.
Erase my 1, 4, 5, 6, 8, and transpose, and I am a vessel.
Erase my 3, 5, 6, 7, and transpose, and I am not soft.
Erase my 3, 5, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am a part of swine.
Erase my 1, 5, 6, 7, and transpose, and I am part of man.
Erase my 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, and transpose, and I am what boys do sometimes.
Erase my 1, 4, 5, 6, 8, and transpose, and I am what some folks do in church.
Erase my 1, 5, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am essential to farming.

My whole is the name of a county of Illinois.

Delhi, Ill. DAY BOOK.

MYTHOLOGICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Ten orbs.	Stave.
Steep humor.	A. Vermin.
Rose nipper.	A last nut.
No muss.	Sea chill.
Rest on.	Edge many.

St. Louis. J. B.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A father dying having two sons, ordered by will that Samuel his eldest son should have in every $100 that he receives $10 more than Benjamin his younger son. His neighbor also dying having two daughters, ordered that Susannah his youngest daughter for every $100 that she receives should get $10 less than Barbara the elder girl. Then in course of time Samuel married Susannah, and Benjamin married Barbara. Now supposing both neighbors left like sums to be thus divided to their respective children, and the first named married pair brought together $2,000 as a joint stock, what will the portion of the second married couple be? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotzersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison? Ans.—One can't see to go, the other can't go to sea.

☞ What popular singer does crushed Indian corn, steeped in vinegar, remind you of? Ans.—*Pickle' hominy!* (*Piccolomini!—Oh!*)

☞ Which two letters of the alphabet have the power of transforming the word ample into a pattern? Ans.—S and X: sample and xample.

☞ What is that which you can give away, and have it increased, and yet retain it yourself? Ans.—Information.

☞ Why is a retired carpenter like a lecturer? Ans.—Because he's an ex-planer.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Alphonse De Lamartine. CHARADE—Blue Birds. CHARADE—Truthful (Truth-full). RIDDLE—Hart. MENSURATION QUESTION—Thomas's grain bin will be 9 feet long, 6 feet in breadth, and 5 feet high; it will hold 178 bushels, 14 quarts, 1 3-7 gills, and will take 57.4 feet of boards to make the cover.

☞ Most fashions are ridiculous, but one is obliged to tumble into the ridicule to avoid appearing still more ridiculous.